

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4703 [REGISTERED AS
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FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1920.

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D. J. A. BROWN,
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University College, Cardiff.
June 9, 1920.

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Council House, Margaret Street.

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Secretary.

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Shirehall, Hereford.
June 14, 1920.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

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Education Office, Council House, Margaret Street.

Appointments Vacant

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Town Hall, Leicester.

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June, 1920.

CONTENTS:

1. THE NATURE OF THE STATE. By Viscount Haldane, O.M.
2. LIBERALISM AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE. By Sir Charles Mallet
3. AMERICA'S TROUBLED HOUR. By S. K. Ratcliffe
4. THE BOLSHIEVIK VICTORY AND AFTER. By Stephen Graham
5. MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BUDGET: 1920-1921. By W. H. J. Williams
6. HUNGARY'S APPEAL TO ENGLAND. By C. Hagberg Wright, LL.D.
7. THE CONSERVATION OF OUR COAL RESOURCES. By Professor J. W. Gregory, F.R.S.
8. THEOLOGICAL BELIEF AND RELIGIOUS LIFE. By The Rev. H. Clark, D.D.
9. RECONSTRUCTION IN CHINA. I. By Plantus. II. By D. Halliday Macartney.
10. THE REBIRTH OF NORTHERN FRANCE. By Marie de Perrot
11. THE ART OF W. J. LOCKE. By Helen Enoch
12. WORLD OF NATIONS: FACTS AND DOCUMENTS. JUSTICE UNDER BOLSHIEVISM. THE FRENCH BUDGET. WILSON ON THE TURKISH TREATY. CONGRESS AND THE PEACE TREATY.
13. LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:—THE CASE IS ALTERED. By J. E. G. De Montmorency
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LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

CONTENTS

IS THERE A NEW GENERATION? ... 780	MARGINALIA AND OTHER NOTES: ... 790	DRAMA: ... 800
THE BANDSTAND, by C. H. Barker ... 790	Marginalia, by Autolycus ... 790	Last Thoughts on the Guilty Season ... 800
POETRY: ... 791	Literary Gossip ... 800	Charlie Yong ... 800
Sick-Bed, by Edmund Blunden ... 791	Notes from Ireland ... 800	A Maeterlinck Play ... 800
The Ray, translated from Severino Ferrari ... 791	"Athenæum" Essay Competition: Awards ... 801	
by George Engleheart ... 791	Book Sales ... 801	
REVIEWS: ... 791	THE PRIZE ESSAY: English Literature since ... 801	CORRESPONDENCE: ... 810-811
The Religion of Progress ... 791	1914, by William Orton ... 801	The Cost of Books—Artists and Men of Genius ... 810
A Note on Naturalism ... 792	SCIENCE: ... 804	—"The Beggar's Opera"—Knut Hamsun ... 810
Biographical Fiction ... 793	The Human Interest ... 804	Beethoven's Sonatas—Mr. Walter Bayes ... 810
A Corner of the Black North ... 794	Societies—Forthcoming Meetings ... 805	and the Academy ... 810-811
The New Sentimentalism ... 794	FINE ARTS: ... 805	FOREIGN LITERATURE: ... 811
Imagination, Military and Artistic ... 795	Mr. Roger Fry ... 805	Theodor Fontane ... 811
Sophocles as a Will-o'-the-Wisp, by J. T. ... 796	Exhibitions of the Week ... 806	Dissipated Nobility ... 812
Sheppard ... 796	MUSIC: ... 807	Verlaine Commemoration Day in Paris ... 812
Huxley and Comte ... 797	"Pulcinella," by Edward J. Dent ... 807	The Truth about the South ... 812
Written on Air ... 797	Concerts ... 808	Letters from Paris III. by Charles Du Bos ... 813
The Books of the Small Souls ... 798	Musical Notes from Paris ... 808	LIST OF NEW BOOKS ... 814-816

IS THERE A NEW GENERATION?

FEW phrases spring more readily to the lips, or flow more easily from the pen, than that of "a new generation." There are variants of it; we speak and write of "modern" literature, "modern" painting, the "modern" man. We do not mean by this what is merely contemporary: we hear it said that there is something extremely modern in Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," and that among our contemporaries such a one is modern, while another is not.

Presumably, we mean something; but what do we mean? Is there a way of feeling and thinking more or less common to men and women now under middle age to-day, an attitude to life which is different from that of our predecessors, and by which this present age will be distinguished, a hundred years hence, from that which went before and that which will follow after?

Probably there is. We feel around us a very conscious refusal to accept the ideals of a past generation, a hesitation to endow any ideal at all with the old sanctities, a determination not to be gulled, above all not to gull ourselves; a curious, almost perverse satisfaction in the shattering of the dream by the fact; an utter mistrust of the old full-sounding words. Liberty—we look at America; Democracy—we look at ourselves; Republicanism—we look at France; Equality—we look at Russia; Justice—we look at Europe.

This general refusal to believe is modern. We can see a relation between this and what passes for modern in literature, in painting even. But what relation is there between it and the modernity that is claimed for Chaucer or for Shakespeare? True, it would be hard to say that either of those great men

believed in anything in the sense that an Englishman of ten years ago was supposed to believe in democracy; but it would be much harder to say that they refused to believe. And in one thing we may say with confidence that they believed with all their hearts. They believed in life. They never wearied of delighting in it, never faltered in their self-appointed task of adding something to its infinite and varied texture. That delight is seldom found to-day. The modern motive is not to add to life, but to refine upon it.

In other words, when it claims these great men as modern the present age comes nearest to a profession of faith; yet it professes, not faith, but a desire for it. And the faith it desires is a faith in life. How can this be recovered? Surely it is not impossible. For faith in life, as those great men if not our own consciousness tell us, has nothing to do with faith in the ends which the prophets, the philosophers, the scientists, and the statesmen assign to it. We may smile at the millennium, mistrust democracy, be contemptuous of aristocracy, find civilization a lie, and still have faith in life. We need not believe that it is leading anywhere, much less to a painless paradise, but we may believe that it is an infinitely exciting, infinitely lovely interplay of wills and desires, achievements and frustrations, dreams and realities.

The "modern" is too fond of thinking that he has shown up life. What he shows up is not life at all. He is typified by the novelist who pathetically believes that psycho-analysis has added a cubit to his stature, whereas he staggers like a pygmy under the burden. Convey, if you can, the quality of the passion of a man for woman in a single line; you will have done more than an encyclopædia of analysis of their complexes. You will have declared your faith in life; you will have done more—added something to it, made it more wonderful than it was.

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MR. TOD had been assured that if only he took care to cross the common by way of the bandstand he would have no difficulty in finding the house. At the moment, however, he was contemplating that walk with some dismay. The weather was truly wretched. After a day of unbroken gloom the evening was closing in damp and chill and foggy. Sheer necessity alone would have dragged him from the fireside comforts of home on such a night; for, though Mr. Tod was regarded as a shrewd business man who had "not done badly" during the war, he prided himself on being "strictly honourable" in private affairs, and would no more have dreamt of breaking his word to a friend than of selling at less than the highest possible rate. Hence the journey!

After a hard day's work in the city, forty minutes' jolting over war-time neglected roads in a motor omnibus ("five only allowed to stand inside") is a fairly trying experience for a man of middle age. Moreover, he had been irritated by a nasally-troubled fellow-passenger who, with the air of one bestowing consolation, informed him that the weather was "seasonable" and therefore "healthy." Mr. Tod began to wish he had travelled by tramcar, which really would have suited him better; but he had peculiar and rigid principles which forbade his using a municipalized conveyance if another were available.

And now he had to alight; by dint of violent exertions and dexterous writhings, he reached the steps of the omnibus, and noted that the fog had changed to a fine drizzle.

"Raining!" he remarked to the conductor.

"Just a few 'eat spots!" was the ironic reply. "urry up, please!"

And the bell rang—twice!

At the edge of the common, a policeman stood motionless under a lamp, his huge shoulders glistening with rain dust. He pointed out the path to the bandstand, giving bewilderingly precise directions in a deep West-Country voice.

"You can't miss it, sir!" he concluded, "an easy ten minutes' walk!"

Mr. Tod proceeded as directed. In summer it might have been a pleasant walk, but to-night!—and Mr. Tod again cursed the luck which forced him abroad. The path was unlighted and bordered with tall trees; under his feet the loose gravel gritted uncomfortably; as he strained his eyes in the darkness, the drizzle collected on his glasses, blurring his vision. He felt lonely; far ahead from some high building a single light gleamed, mistily.

It was then that the queer thing happened. Quite suddenly, Mr. Tod sensed the near presence of an unseen, unheard crowd. He paused for an instant mystified and startled; then pushed on again. At that moment the dome of the bandstand, like a sudden and gigantic mushroom, pushed itself up through the trees. Mr. Tod had not been mistaken; now he heard voices and laughter, the shuffling tramp of many feet. He came clear of the trees, and, there in the space surrounding the bandstand, he saw dimly a great multitude of moving shadows. Mr. Tod hastily wiped his glasses; then he saw and understood; the mystic revellers were youths and maidens, free awhile from office and workshop, full of unsatisfied desires, gathered here in quest of adventure. Round and round the bandstand they went, pale-faced and bedraggled, jostling one another in amorous horseplay. Shrill girlish merriment gave ready response to crude male buffoonery, here and there were chasings and scufflings; someone was humming the "Maxina"; in the distance, a girl coughed, hysterically. A gang of youths approached; they forced a path through the crowd and sang a dubious version of "Three Blind Mice" in the nasal drawl of the Cockney;

it was a dismal performance, and soon the chant tailed off—miserably.

Mr. Tod regarded the spectacle with righteous anger; he didn't believe that these young folks were really enjoying themselves; there was something forced in the fun, a pretence of high spirits, an atmosphere of determined hilarity, the mechanical gaiety of a wedding. Two flappers strolled by. "O Pa!" cried one, "I'm surprised at yer!" and passed on writhing in the throes of incredible laughter. Her exuberance attracted a slim youth in a yellow mackintosh; by a neat manoeuvre, he succeeded in colliding with her. . . . Mock anger and mock apologies. . . more laughter, and the walk was resumed with yellow mackintosh arm in arm with the flappers.

Mr. Tod was filled with loathing; something a friend once said to him came to his mind, something to the effect that when people lose the sense of propriety they lose the sense of property—which means the end of all things. The thought made him even more angry. He made his way through the grinning mob; their mouthings and gesturings irked him; he felt himself alien from these young people with their promiscuous friendliness, their indiscriminate fingerings and maulings of one another. He saw four girls walking together with linked arms; they passed a group of young men, one of whom sang, "Is there room for Mary here?" With surprising violence, Mary was pushed by her comrades towards the witty singer, who clasped her in muscular arms. "Get away closer!" he yelled, hugging her the tighter. There followed furious struggling, frenzied screams, smacking kisses. . . then a blouse disaster, a gleam of white shoulder, and Mary broke away breathless and dishevelled, readjusting her dress with an unconvincing show of anger.

Mr. Tod was now thoroughly roused. This must be stopped! What were the authorities doing? During the war a certain leniency was advisable; he wasn't unreasonable; he had closed his ears to certain unsavoury reports; besides, on the whole, had not the war had a "purifying" effect? perhaps it had ended too soon? perhaps Mr. Churchill—Someone stumbled against him; he turned, furious. A lad, a crutch under his arm, his right leg a mere stump, was dancing with a sturdy girl to the strains of a mouth-organ and the laughing applause of the onlookers. It was a grotesque display, and it filled Mr. Tod with disgust. He passed on; it was quieter here, a sort of backwater where scattered groups indulged in a more maudlin type of flirtation. Three youths and a girl lounged against the fence; the girl was quite young, but well-developed. One lad, cigarette between his lips, fondled her with insipid solemnity. He did not speak; but removing the cigarette from his mouth, he spat, casually, and yet not without care, over the girl's head into the darkness beyond. The other two looked on, slightly bored as by a dull play. Suddenly, with a hurried word of apology, the amorous youth rushed away after another damsel, his place and function being taken by one of his friends with a nonchalance that paralysed Mr. Tod.

He felt physically sick; the precocity, the herd amorousness seemed to him horrible. "This," he muttered to himself, "this is what comes of education and leisure!"

He thought of his own irreproachable daughters, and pictured them in his drawing-room, improving their minds, playing the piano, or perhaps "halma" . . . And Mr. Tod thanked God. Then thinking of those others, he murmured, with righteous severity, "Young people have no business with such feelings!"

Mr. Tod had always scoffed when people talked of the dangers of adolescence; in fact, the word seemed to him slightly indecent, a subversive euphemism to excuse youthful laxity. Now he was sure that he had been right. A rising generation, on edge for sensation and gaiety, must learn to control appetite, to prison its emotions

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discipline was the thing—discipline, and plenty of work; the forces of authority, of order, of routine. . . . He turned for one last look; they were still there; he could see them through the dripping trees, still wandering round the bandstand. At this distance all was subdued; the violence and uproar, the howling and grimacing were no longer discernible; individuals were blotted out, merged into a continuous mass, which seemed to grope a painful way through a maze of bare and twisted boughs . . . a languid procession of lost pilgrims, the vague complaining murmur of fretted souls . . .

Mr. Tod passed along, wagging his head.

C. H. BARKER.

SICK-BED

Half dead with fever here in bed I sprawl,
In candle-light watching the odd flies crawl
Across the ceiling's bleak white desolation;—
Can they not yet have heard of gravitation?—
Hung upside down above the precipice
To doze the night out; ignorance is bliss!
Your blood be on your heads, ridiculous flies.

Dizzying with these, I glare and tantalize
At the motley hides of books that moulder here,
"On Choosing a Career"; "Ten Thousand a Year";
"Ellis on Sheep," "Lamb's Tales," a doleful Gay,
A has-been-Young, dead "Lives," vermilion Gray,
And a whole corps of 1790 twelves.
My eye goes blurred along these gruesome shelves,
My brain whirs Poems of . . . Poems of . . . like a clock,
And I stare for my life at the square black ebony block
Of darkness in the open window-frame.
Then my thoughts flash in one white searching flame
On my little lost daughter; I gasp and grasp to see
Her shy smile pondering out who I might be,
Her rathe-ripe rounded cheeks, near-violet eyes.
Long may I stare; her stony Fate denies
The vision of her, though tired fancy's sight
Scrawl with pale curves the dead and scornful night.

All the night's full of questing flights and calls
Of owls and bats, white owls from time-struck walls,
Bats with their shrivelled speech and dragonish wings.
Beneath, a strange step crunches the asphath where
None goes so late, I know: the mute vast air
Wakes to a great sigh.

Now the murmurings,
Cricks, rustlings, knocks, all forms of tiny sound,
That have long been happening in my room half-heard,
Grow fast and fierce, each one a ghostly word.
I feel the grutching pixies hedge me round;
"Folly," sneers courage (and flies). Stealthily creaks
The threshold, something fumbles, terror speaks,
And bursting into sweats I muffle deep
My face in pillows, praying for merciful sleep.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE RAY

(From the Italian of SEVERINO FERRARI.)

On my thought a fair sun-ray smote and will not pass
away—

While you bent above your sewing
And your needle, deftly led by your fingers, swiftly sped
Through your work, upon your hair
Fell a golden ray and threaded it with flame,
And a shimmer and a glowing
Were kindled in the air.

Then my heart said to me: "Now, a true immortal, she
Is returning to the heaven whence she came,
And it irks her here to stay."

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

REVIEWS

THE RELIGION OF PROGRESS

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS: AN INQUIRY INTO ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH. By J. B. Bury. (Macmillan. 14s. net.)
THE IDEA OF PROGRESS. By W. R. Inge. "The Romanes Lecture, 1920." (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 2s. net.)

IT is hardly possible that any one now under fifty should understand what it was in the eighties to believe in Progress. One escaped, as from a prison, from a nominal Christianity into a vision and an inspiration. Shelley joined hands with Darwin and Spencer. The whole world was moving, and mankind with it, beyond all doubt, almost without any effort, towards an event that hardly seemed "far off" and was certainly "divine." "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," and one could almost pity the disillusioned youth of to-day, that that heady wine is not for them.

For, in the interval, the golden chariot has descended from the clouds, and, coming nearer, has become darker, shabbier and more questionable. Were the horses hacks after all, and Phaethon a not too sober cabman? So Professor Bury gently hints. And the Dean of St. Paul's has no doubt about the matter. Progress, he says, was always a silly business—the kind of silliness it is the business of the Dean to expose. He does so with a good deal of intelligent wit; and then retires, in dignified ease, to his platonic heaven, whither this reviewer will not follow him.

Professor Bury deals in a competent way with the history of the religion of progress. He shows, what may still be news to many, how modern the idea is. For, in its full and comprehensive sense, covering the future as well as the past, it hardly dates behind the eighteenth century. He shows also how vague it was, in the minds of most of its exponents. Many volumes were written about it, but it was never defined. Perhaps nothing living ever is defined until it is dead. "Christianity," "Socialism," such things defy definition. So does progress, or rather did. From various passages one gathers, indeed, how Professor Bury would define it. He would say, it is a belief that human history has moved and will move, in a necessary and certain way, towards happiness. But not all the apostles conceive the end as happiness. Some emphasize knowledge, some morality, some liberty, some social order. In fact, a gospel of progress would need all of these, and more. For certainly some would wish to add art, and others love. The temporal goal of progress, like the eternal one of religion, must remain indefinite. For it depends on the blind impulse that urges men towards perfection.

Particular writers, however, stressed the particular points which appealed to them. The French were inspired by the growth of knowledge. It was the Mind that they saw advancing, and that in spite of what most of them regarded as the notable setback of the Christian era. As this view developed, other social facts were co-ordinated with intellectual growth. What men thought, that they did. It was Comte who worked this out most fully, elaborating the genial conceptions of Turgot and St. Simon. And his "Cours de philosophie positive" remains one of the great achievements of the human mind, though most likely it will never again find more than a handful of readers. The same intellectualism influenced the Germans. Only their *Geist* is something other and more cloudy than the French *esprit*. The Germans too, though they used history, were singularly contemptuous of it. "The philosopher," says Fichte, "follows the *a priori* thread of the world plan, which is clear to him without any history; and if he makes use of history it is not to prove

anything, since his theses are already proved, independently of all history." That reminds one of Rousseau, who started an inquiry into the conditions of primitive man with the remark "*écartons tous les faits.*" But that was not the French spirit, as, of course, it has not been that of Germany since the final debacle of Hegel.

English thought, as befits it, was harder than French, and soberer than German. The great contribution of England, indeed, to the religion of progress was unintended and illegitimate. For it was the biology of Darwin misapplied by students of society. The Darwinian theory was not one of progress, because it had no ethical standard. But it set species flowing, and as progress is a theory of flowing it was easy and irresistible to jump to the conclusion that the flow was upwards, although pessimists like Carlyle growled about Niagara. The conclusion was assisted by the assumption that acquired characters are inherited; for in that case the efforts of men towards Good are passed on biologically to their descendants. That assumption was taken up into Herbert Spencer's system, the most grandiose of all the theologies of Progress; for it swept into its net the starry heavens as well as the destinies of mankind. It would be more easily seen that this philosophy was a work of the imagination, if there were any imagination in the author's style. But poets cannot read it, and scientists will not. It falls between all the possible stools, and very small men allow themselves the liberty of jeering at it. That solitary, obstinate, dogged, absurd figure is, nevertheless, one of those to which Englishmen would look reverently, if they had the habit of reverencing anything that is the concern of the mind.

Meantime, how does Progress now stand? Or, perhaps we should say, where does it lie, in what fragments, in what mess of blood? For the blood shed in the war was also its blood. For five years we have seen mankind relapse into a savagery unknown and undreamt of in any previous age. War, it is true, had always to be taken account of in the religion of Progress. But war in the past is easy to deal with. It is a record, hardly a reality. War in the present is a different matter. On this point, as on so many, the prophecies of Progress have been as vain as those of other religions. Comte, says Professor Bury, thought that "the epoch has arrived in which serious and lasting warfare among the élite nations will totally cease. The last general cause of warfare has been the competition for colonies. But the colonial policy is now in its decadence (with the temporary exception of England), so that we need not look for future trouble from this source." Yes! The Dean has cause enough to smile, if, indeed, smiling be the proper reaction. But the human mind is resilient and optimistic, deans or no deans. In the very midst of the war Mr. Marvin held a Summer School to discuss the various aspects of progress. Mr. Wells is now engaged in the attempt once more to trace it in history. While men concern themselves with their past they will concern themselves with this idea, but not again, if they are wise, as a religion. They must know specifically what they are looking for and ask critically whether it is really there. In one of the best short accounts of history ever written ("The Living Past") Mr. Marvin makes a good showing for the view that there really has been progress in two respects, knowledge and political unification. To demonstrate moral progress would be a more heroic enterprise. To suggest progress in art might be merely foolhardy. We must also consider the setbacks more candidly than did the earlier apostles. And we can no longer ignore, as they did, the whole history of the East. We know more, too, of primitive man, though it does not seem likely we can ever know very much. We can never again have a Religion of Progress, but perhaps, after sober and patient labour, we may recover a reasonable hope.

G. L. D.

A NOTE ON NATURALISM

NATURALISM IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE was, perhaps, no great originality in Stopford Brooke's criticism; and in reading this particular book one sighs occasionally for a page or two of precise discussion of the key-word in the title. On the other hand it has the redeeming salt of a genuine humanity, an enthusiasm which, if it attaches sometimes to what seems to us only diluted poetry, is in the main convincing—a book, in short, which can be read with pleasure rather than exhilaration, and which, considered as lectures delivered to a University audience, is admirable.

We may note in passing curious omissions in the historical argument. There is no separate discussion of Coleridge; indeed, no discussion at all. If only as the chief formative influence on the young Wordsworth, Coleridge was essential. Because there is no mention of Coleridge, Bowles of the "Sonnets" is passed in silence. Keats is neglected on two grounds: one, that his work shows no trace of the influence of the French Revolution, which seems to us irrelevant; the other, that he was confined to the pursuit of beauty (which is, we think, in any pejorative sense, untrue). There is no word of John Clare.

The question, however, that returns is: What is naturalism in poetry? It is the more insistent because there is no doubt that Stopford Brooke would have called himself a naturalist. His sympathy with the whole movement is continually peeping out, as when he says of Burns' poem to the field-mouse ("*fellow-mortal*") : "That will be the note of a really civilized society. It is not the note of our half-barbarous condition." To which, with a perverse delight that it was Pope who said it, we are tempted to reply that the proper study of mankind is man. Indeed, our private opinion is that a civilization in which it was commonplace to speak of, and think of, field-mice as fellow-mortals, would be not half, but wholly barbarous.

The truth, as we see it, is that naturalism, which we would define roughly as the placing of what is not man in the same category as man, if pursued as an end in itself, is a *pis aller*. That man should take conscious delight in nature, and thereby expand his human experience, is desirable; but the endeavour to lose himself in nature, to indulge the dream that nature is something higher and better than he (an illusion which is generally accompanied by the further illusion that he, alone among men, really understands nature), is cowardly and retrograde. It follows then that love of nature must in the great poet be strictly subordinate to love of human beings. The precept of a true civilization is "Love thy neighbour as thyself"; neither field-mice nor daffodils are neighbours.

But this is moralizing? It will not be the first time we have said that literature is based upon a peculiarly stringent morality. In these self-conscious days we need to be most self-conscious about the thing which concerns us most. If this be literature, then instead of bewailing the conjuncture of the stars under which we were born, we should remember that our less energy is compensated by our greater knowledge. By taking thought we can concentrate instead of disperse it. Instead of splashing wildly about (under the licence of "experimentalism"), we have it in our power to discover almost precisely what we can do with the greatest hope of permanence and success. A generation which has so few arrows in its quiver must be more careful about taking aim. It is with a peculiar kind of despair, therefore, that we read the works of modern poets who embrace trees, invoke rivers, identify themselves with the force of gravity; it is all so well-meant, and all so wasted. A little more intelligence, gentlemen, please; economy of effort depends upon it. M.

BIOGRAPHICAL FICTION

THE MARY CARLETON NARRATIVES, 1663-1673: A MISSING CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Ernest Bernbaum. (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press; London, Milford. 5s. 6d. net.)

NO student of the history of our literature can fail to have been puzzled by that century-long gap which separates the auspicious beginnings of the realistic novel in Elizabeth's day from the apparently new creation of the form by Defoe. Literary historians have tried to find a father for "the father of the English novel"; but in vain. Aphra Behn's "Oroonoko" obstinately remains a romance, in spite of all that a rather wild criticism has had to say of it; "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Mr. Badman" are not the parents of Roxana and her tribe; they are at the nearest cousins. There were many writers in the second half of the seventeenth century, the scholars tell us, who fumbled after the realistic novel; but until the appearance of Defoe, with his highly perfected formula for the blending of imagination with fact, of lies with truth, as certain serious-minded moralists have put it, no one had succeeded in finding the form. It has remained for Dr. Bernbaum to show that Defoe was not without parents; that his method had been completely anticipated at least once, and, in all probability, many times, during the course of the seventeenth century. In the particular case of Mary Carleton he has definitely substantiated his case; it is left for further investigation to discover whether all the biographies of criminals, adventurers and the like, so numerous in the seventeenth century, are as definitely works of fiction as is the apparently convincing biography of "the German Princess." If they are, then Defoe is merely the perfecter of a method already well known and extensively practised. Dr. Bernbaum has made a genuine historical discovery.

The facts of the case are these. Mary Moders, born about 1635, and having two husbands living at the time of her notoriety, descended upon London in the year 1663, armed with a box full of sham jewellery and a highly romantic story, to the effect that she was a German princess fleeing from an odious proposal of marriage. On the strength of her jewels and her story, a young law student, named John Carleton, made love to, and married, the supposed Maria von Wolway. A fortnight later the truth leaked out. Mary Carleton was tried for bigamy, but owing to the incompetence of the prosecution and her own serene assurance at the trial, she was acquitted. The trial was productive of a number of pamphlets, two of which, by Mary Carleton herself, or, more probably, by some journalist friend of hers, put the adventuress's case, and two from the pen of John Carleton, the case of her dupes. Her next public appearance (1671) was in the dock. Accused of theft, she was sentenced to transportation to Jamaica, whence she escaped and returned to England, only to be caught thieving once again. This time she was condemned to death and duly hanged (1673). Her last trial and execution revived, as was natural, all the old public interest. Seven new pamphlets were published in the year of her death, one of which, "The Counterfeit Lady Unveiled, being a full account of the birth, life, most remarkable actions and untimely death of that famous cheat, Mary Carleton, known by the name of the German Princess," is the real subject of this monograph.

Of all the narratives of Mary Carleton's life and adventures, "The Counterfeit Lady Unveiled" reads the most convincingly, the most truthfully. It is seriously and historically written, with no admixture of that vulgar satire, corresponding to the rather schoolboyish cynicism of the picaresque novel, which is to be found in so many of its rivals. It is full of highly circumstantial details; cause leads on to effect, motive to resultant action. Nothing

could be more truthful in appearance (except, of course, a novel by Defoe), and indeed Francis Kirkman, the author of "The Counterfeit Lady," is for ever assuring us of his veracity, for ever citing his unimpeachable authorities. But he has not succeeded in taking in Dr. Bernbaum, who proves him to have been fully as great a liar as Defoe, and, though infinitely less competent than his successor, at least as conscious and deliberate an artist in fiction.

Kirkman's method was an ingenious one. He read all the pamphlets on Mary Carleton which had appeared, either in 1663 or in 1671 and 1673, and selected from those incidents which seemed to him interesting, exciting or amusing. But Kirkman's sources were for the most part crude and incompetent pieces of journalism. Treating them with conscious art, he expanded meagre incidents with significant detail, and, what was a still more important artistic achievement, linked up disconnected anecdotes so that they formed a continuous life-history, in which every action has its due source in character and opportunity.

Let us take a characteristic example of Kirkman's method of writing biographical fiction. Mary Carleton, in one of her own pamphlets, published in 1663, had given a very circumstantial and elaborate account of her early life as a German noblewoman in Cologne. She had fled from her native city, so she said, to escape from the violent wooing of "an old gentleman that had fair demesnes about Leige or Luyck, not many miles distant from Cologne, a man of serious gravity and venerable aspect for his grey hairs, but disfigured with some scars his youthful luxury had given him. He accosted me the rude military way, for he had been a soldado." And so forth. The whole of Mary's German story had been long ago discredited when Kirkman wrote his "Counterfeit Lady." He knows and recounts the true history of her early life at Canterbury and Dover. But at the same time he finds this soldado so picturesque that he has not the heart to get rid of him altogether. No, he is determined to have the soldado; "that rotten hoarse cold and snuffing that he had caught, as he said, in the trenches of Breda, in the brigade of Count Henry of Nassau in Spinola's army," was too good a piece of detail to be sacrificed to the ridiculous goddess of truth. He preserves the soldado, and, by a stroke of genius, kills quite a number of other birds with the same stone. He makes Mary Carleton travel on the Continent, brings her to Cologne, makes her meet the soldado (with word for word the same rotten hoarse cold), makes the soldado mistake her, Mary, for the noble Maria von Wolway, makes Mary encourage the mistake for the purpose of cheating the soldado, and finally brings her back to England with a perfectly adequate and satisfactory explanation of her German Princess fable. The whole episode is one of the most convincing and truthful in the book. It is also the most completely invented. What is this but realistic novel-writing? Here, in "The Counterfeit Lady," we see Defoe's method practised with deliberate skill as early as 1673. It is highly probable, Dr. Bernbaum suggests, that most of the criminal biographies of the seventeenth century are really novels "founded on fact," like the novels of Defoe. Further research may confirm or disprove this theory. Or it may, which is unfortunately more likely, find itself unable to prove anything at all, since in the majority of cases there exists no known standard of truth with which the narratives may be compared. The case of Mary Carleton is exceptional in this respect, as a more or less "official" account of her trial is extant. From this we know roughly what were the true facts of at least part of her life. Still, it is possible that investigation may be able to establish the required standard of truth in other cases besides that of Mary Carleton. If the gap in the history of the realistic novel is not to be completely bridged, we have found in the story of Mary Carleton at least one firm stepping-stone.

A. L. H.

A CORNER OF THE BLACK NORTH

TWO CENTURIES OF LIFE IN DOWN, 1600-1800. By John Stevenson. (Belfast, McCaw, Stevenson & Orr; Dublin, Hodges, Figgis & Co. 21s. net.)

IRELAND is a land without histories. From the "Annals of the Four Masters" to the late seventeenth century there exist less bulky printed records than have been devoted to any single decade of English history from the Conquest to this day. It is not that the material is lacking, though naturally it is less plentiful than in England, where houses were better built and less frequently burnt to the ground. It certainly is not that scholarship has been lacking. It is more probably that the true scholar has feared to touch Irish history. The historian must be able to deal frankly and detachedly with forgotten conflicts. In Ireland no conflict is ever forgotten. Strongbow is as big a black-guard as Cromwell or Sir John Maxwell; the Boyne is no further away than the Bois de Thiepval, where sleep so many of the descendants of the victors in the first battle. However white and cold may seem the ashes, you need but stir them a little with a stick to come to the red fire.

And if Ireland has had few historians she has also had few intelligent observers. English travellers could write well of Marco Polo's route or the tribes of the Putumayo. They appeared at their worst when dealing with their next-door neighbour, and their criticisms were usually after the fashion of the good Mr. Twiss, who wrote:

As to the natural history of the Irish species, they are only noticeable for the thickness of their legs, especially those of the Plebeian females.

Which we declare to be a beastly libel.

This is a narrow, almost a domestic history. It deals with the Scottish settlers in one county, and indeed mainly with the two great families of settlers, the Hamiltons and the Montgomeries, with the kirk, the school, and the daily life. If it is intended for the general reader, anxious for information on an unknown subject, and not merely for the dwellers in the County Down, it is to be regretted that there is not to accompany and explain the picture even the shortest commentary on the history of Ireland through those two centuries. It is surely bad craftsmanship to include accounts of the sale of Queen Charlotte's cast-off garments by her Woman of the Bedchamber, just because the lady in question lived in Down, on the one hand; and, on the other, to treat the plantation of Down by Hamiltons and Montgomeries as if it were an isolated occurrence. One might, in fact, read the book without realizing that any other county of Ulster than Down was planted, while the *fons et origo* of the main plantation, the man who has left his mark deeper than any other on Irish history, Arthur Chichester, is dismissed in a few words.

But as regards the County Down itself, the book is a patient and invaluable resurrection of the past. It is particularly good on the Down settlement. It deals with events which are still matter of controversy, and deals with them clearly and incontrovertibly. Hamilton, Montgomery, and the Scottish Presbyterians were simply banditti, even though they had the authorization of the King to filch the lands of the O'Neills. They were to the Irish as the Spanish and English adventurers to the American Indians. The Plantation of Ulster was as righteous or as damnable as the colonizing of Virginia.

That is one side of the picture. On the other hand, the Scots destroyed no civilization and wrecked no culture, for they found none. They came to a land of forests, of wolves and boars, of wattle hovels, of ploughing "by

the tail," and they made of it—well, for good or ill, what it is to-day, the "Black North."

The book is very well illustrated with reproductions of Ulster portraits and with examples of coins, script, title-pages, etc. C. F.

THE NEW SENTIMENTALISM

FROM CHAOS TO CATHOLICISM. By Rev. W. G. Peck. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. PECK is, in a very comprehensive and profound sense, a disciple of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. The fact that Mr. Peck writes as much like Mr. Chesterton as he can is merely the most superficial aspect of this discipleship, although the imitation, even here, is quite unusually courageous. He has not the verbal dexterity of his master; his style has not the rapidity and pungency of Mr. Chesterton's, but it is as often violent, as often inexact, and the sense is just as often sacrificed to the sound. But this is the trivial aspect of a striking resemblance. The centre of Mr. Peck's position is that society is returning, and must return, to a variant of the Roman Catholic teaching that he calls Free Catholicism, because only so can a man feel that he is a man. We quote a passage from Mr. Peck's description of Mr. Chesterton's attitude to Christianity, because we believe it to be a true and important description:

He felt that the universe with Christ crucified in it contained an infinitely richer inwardness than any specimen of universe proposed by rationalists. He discovered that the Christian Faith stirs the pulses and uplifts the sinking spirit. He found it the foster-mother of strong champions and mighty heroes. He found that in its strength a man could accomplish the last, remote miracle, and actually be a man—and to the modern man that came with a sudden shock of surprise.

We find this passage very illuminating. It gives, we believe, the essentials of Mr. Chesterton's case and also (or therefore) of Mr. Peck's. No one can fail to notice that the appeal is wholly confined to the emotions, and this we believe to be profoundly true of the arguments of this school. Belief in Christianity is recommended as giving the believer a glorious feeling. Seen from this point of view, all the peculiarities of this school are easily understood. Its apparent indifference to the truth about any given matter is the necessary outcome of its criteria; these criteria are feelings. It is, alas! quite frequently the case that the most reasonable account of a matter is not the most exciting; in all cases the emotional school prefers the exciting account. Hence an apparent disingenuousness, an apparent stupidity. Hence also the pervading atmosphere of melodrama. It is the outcome of the free exercise of the romantic imagination completely divorced from the scientific spirit. The opponents of this school too often try to refute its teachings by an array of facts and logical deductions. We can imagine Mr. Peck's arguments being treated in this way. But such a procedure would be irrelevant. Mr. Peck could retort, quite conclusively on his own premisses, "You bore me." Probably the only reply which this school would admit to be valid would be to say that one had a different taste in stimulants.

THE 31st Annual Conference of the Museums Association will be held in Winchester, by kind invitation of the Mayor and Corporation, from July 5 to 8, under the presidency of Sir Martin Conway, Director-General of the Imperial War Museum. The meeting should be a noteworthy one in the history of the Association, since it partakes of the nature of a joint conference with the French Museums Association. An invitation to the latter body to join in the conference this year has met with a warm response in France.

A UNITED SUMMER SCHOOL will be held at Swanwick, Derbyshire, under the auspices of the Interdenominational Conference of Social Service Unions, from June 19 to June 28. Those interested are invited to correspond with the Secretary, Miss Lucy Gardner, 92, St. George's Square, London, S.W.

IMAGINATION, MILITARY AND ARTISTIC

GALLIPOLI DIARY. By General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B. (Arnold 36s. net.)

THE Gallipoli campaign of 1915, so far as this country was concerned, was the one complete incident of the war. It had a beginning, a development, and an end, so that it can be judged by itself from many points of view, as an object lesson in political strategy, as a classical instance of combined operations, as a tragic enterprise which in the high hopes and inadequate preparations of its outset bore the seeds of its inevitable disaster, or as a study in personality. Much has already been written, much already said, which will enable some author of the future, poet or historian, to regroup the scattered elements of this dramatic episode. Yet, in spite of the labours of a Royal Commission which, at the end of all, but mildly remarked what a number of other people had already expressed with vehemence, there is a great deal more that some Thomas Hardy of another generation would have to know before he could reconstruct for all time the characters and the tragedy. How much the personal element counted from beginning to end is proved by this diary of the Commander-in-Chief who led the campaign. It adds little to our knowledge of the main outline of events, but it throws many beams of light on the influence and relations of certain leading personalities, Sir Ian himself, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Fisher, Sir John de Robeck, Sir Roger Keyes, Sir John Maxwell and others. This, alone, gives this book an intense interest, though not a new one to those who were out there.

Who could have been in proximity to the higher command and have been blind to the daily working of fallible human minds upon one another, minds on the peninsula, minds at Imbros, minds on board ship and minds in Whitehall? An honestly kept diary from such a position is positively explosive with personal judgments, and many such diaries, no doubt, will therefore rest for years on private shelves. There is more to come before these ant-like workings are made obvious to the Angel of the Pities. Sir Roger Keyes, for instance, must have a story to tell, but that story lies buried in the unpublished evidence taken by the Commission and in the Admiral's own cabin. Possibly we shall never know the true inner workings of Lord Kitchener's mind, for he entrusted them to nobody. So far as the unprejudiced could observe in the Dardanelles, its outer manifestations were extraordinary. There were times when in despair one might have exclaimed that nothing which Lord Kitchener did or said, from the first moment when he gruffly gave the objective "Constantinople" to the breathless commander of the Central Force, made for the success of the expedition. Sir Ian is fairly frank on this head, and nothing is more poignant than his revelation of loyalty, affection and admiration struggling against a dreadful conviction that his old chief was not the man whom once he knew, and worse, that so far as he was the man who improvised final victory in South Africa, he was unsuited, in spite of his remarkable vision of certain great truths, to be that anomalous combination of supreme commander and Secretary for War which for too long he was.

Many soldiers, we have no doubt, will criticize Sir Ian for taking up too much space in his diary with grouses, but the course of correspondence between London and Imbros was enough to exasperate a saint. To give one instance, not long after the landing, Sir Ian received a telegram from London asking what number of troops he would require to carry the thing through to a finish. He replied that he needed one Army Corps together with

reinforcements to bring his existing force up to strength; Whereupon Lord Kitchener replied:

With reference to your telegram . . . I am quite certain that you fully realise what a serious disappointment it has been to me to discover that my preconceived views as to the conquest of positions necessary to dominate the forts on the Straits, with naval artillery to support our troops on land, and with the active help of naval bombardment, were miscalculated. A serious situation is created by the present check, and the calls for large reinforcements and an additional amount of ammunition that we can ill spare from France. From the standpoint of an early solution of our difficulties, your views, as stated, are not encouraging. The question whether we can long support two fields of operation draining on our resources requires grave consideration. I know that I can rely upon you to do your utmost to bring the present unfortunate state of affairs in the Dardanelles to as early a conclusion as possible, so that any consideration of a withdrawal, with all its dangers in the East, may be prevented from entering the field of possible solutions. . . .

In this extraordinary telegram there is personality with a vengeance, and little more than these few words is required to explain the whole failure in the Dardanelles. We incurred a debt without calculating our resources, with the result that our hastily scraped together payments on account were always made too late.

But this is not the place to enter further into purely military considerations. Those who were not in the Dardanelles will never adequately realize the position in which the force found itself, nor was it realized at the time. The contrast between the military and the artistic imagination, everywhere implicit in this book, is a point on which it is interesting to linger. For a fortnight after Lord Kitchener's telegram just quoted, no communication was received from him, and this was Sir Ian Hamilton's comment:

What a change since the War Office sent us packing with a bagful of hallucinations. Naval guns sweeping the Turks off the Peninsula; the Ottoman Army legging it from a British submarine waving the Union Jack; Russian help in hand; Greek help on the *tapis*. Now it is our turn to leg it from the German submarine; there is no ammunition for the guns; no drafts to keep my Divisions up to strength; my Russians have gone to Galicia, and the Greeks are lying lower than ever.

Those hallucinations were part of the artistic imagination which, in its extreme form, is called counting your chickens before they are hatched. The advantage of taking Constantinople was seen; it was a fine flight of the artistic imagination. Sir Ian himself was inspired by it. "High, high soared our hopes," he wrote after a review of the French troops in Alexandria. "Jerusalem—Constantinople? No limit to what these soldiers may achieve." But the military imagination, which is properly exercised in seeing all the difficulties and providing for all possible needs, lagged all the time behind. The need for reinforcements on the spot, the possibility of a call for far more ammunition, the vital importance of avoiding even a day's delay, the probability of sickness if the campaign were prolonged, the necessity of providing canteens and proper rest camps to keep up the endurance of the troops—none of these things were foreseen, because of the too adventurous optimism, so far as the Army was concerned, with which the expedition started.

Sir Ian himself does not try to hide the working of the artistic imagination in himself. More than most commanders he was infected with it, and it is this very quality that makes his diary so vivid. It is not so much for its literary qualities—for these have been a little exaggerated—that the book is one to read, but for the insight which it gives into a mind extremely sensitive to impressions, not only of actual experience, but of the imagination. What he calls "the detachment of the writer" enabled him to look at his force, his superiors, his subordinates, and, above all, himself, as elements in a stirring picture. He could not write a telegram without seeing how it would look on Lord Kitchener's desk, nor a dispatch without imagining its readers. At every crisis he saw himself

and his men, little creatures faced with the incalculable, now exultant, now prayerful, now frightened, but preserving the proper picturesque attitude :

Almighty God, Watchman of the Milky Way, Shepherd of the Golden Stars, have mercy upon us, smallest of the heavenly Shiners. Our star burns dim as a corpse light ; the huge black chasm of space closes in ; if only by blood. . . ? Thy will be done. *En Avant!*—at all costs *en avant*.

These are the last lines of his diary two nights before the first landing. Some will say that no commander should have so picturesque a mind, but this one had, and he has not been ashamed to reveal it. He has exposed himself—it was a *beau geste*—to judgment from his inmost thoughts during his own lifetime. Each must form this judgment for himself, but this at least will be said of Sir Ian Hamilton, that he was never afraid and that he took his fate like a man.

O. W.

SOPHOCLES AS A WILL-O'-THE-WISP

THE ICHNEUTÆ OF SOPHOCLES. With Notes and a Translation into English, preceded by Introductory Chapters dealing with the Play, with Satyric Drama and with various cognate matters, by Richard Johnson Walker. (Burns & Oates. 63s. net.)

IT is not only the price of this book that is impressive. The dedication to the Archbishop of Manila is a model of the epistolary style. When the Archbishop was Rector of the College of Irish Nobles in the ancient city of Salamanca, Mr. Walker sought and obtained permission to dedicate to him this work. Since that time His Grace has been successively Bishop of Zamboanga and Archbishop of Manila, a happy circumstance not only for his flock but also for the cause of learning, since, in this age of scepticism and materialism, when the spirit of Gallio is abroad, when mankind is deemed by certain so-called scientists no better than a fungus on an atom, when human history is treated as a negligible trifle, and the atmosphere of the age is infected with a worse than Ææan virus, the herb moly lies in the bosom of the Church. Whenever a new church is consecrated, the Bishop traces in the dust the characters of two alphabets, the Greek and the Latin.

Why the Hebrew characters are not likewise traced, I think that I could explain : and, if I were wrong, you would correct me. But this is not the place for such discussions.

We regret it, since Mr. Walker's answers to the many questions that he does discuss are so ingenious as to whet our curiosity. Never—to quote his own description of the recent course of Egyptian archaeology—never since the renaissance of the Arts has so golden a harvest been gathered into the garner of scholarship as that which the once barren sands of Egypt have yielded to the scientific methods of a novel husbandry.

In fact Mr. Walker's conclusions are alluring and surprising. His enthusiasm is equalled only by his erudition and his eloquence. And yet, we fear, the methods of his husbandry are too novel to be recognized as scientific. If Egypt yields us a papyrus preserving (with some gaps and mutilations) precious fragments of an ancient drama, Mr. Walker's husbandry can make that drama grow and blossom. Where the papyrus gives us nothing more than an initial *upsilon*, Mr. Walker's method supplies us with a whole iambic line, which he is enabled to translate as follows :

Whether gone in privy flight from their fenced pasture, or else peradventure stolen, that thou so doest ?

And although the miserable papyrus has no trace whatever—*perit omnino textus*—of the answer to this question, Mr. Walker knows :

Stolen verily, if I must needs say the same thing thus often.

Nor is it only when the papyrus is thus lost or mutilated that the novel method helps. Sometimes the text of the papyrus is intelligible, but, it must be admitted, somewhat dull. In that event the remedy is obvious. There is always a possibility of corruption ; and for the novel method, possibility means probability, and probability amounts to certainty. It is delightful to follow Mr. Walker's process, and to see how the naïve ingenuousness of what we thought was Sophoclean suffers transformation. There was a pious scribe who worshipped Pan of Panopolis in Egypt and could not bear to find allusions to Arcadian Pan in Sophocles. Accordingly, wherever Pan was mentioned, the scribe rewrote the lines. Mr. Walker has restored them. To our astonishment and happiness, the restoration of Pan to his right place transforms the play. The plot depends on Pan. Pan drives the Satyrs crazy, and so Apollo gets back from Silenus his golden staff. But then, of course, the golden staff itself (unfortunately for Sophocles) has fallen through a hole in the papyrus. Mr. Walker's skill has recovered it, and saved the play.

At the first glance, if you are sceptical, you may suppose it odd that where the manuscript has gaps, the style of Sophocles is something quite unlike what hitherto you thought was Greek—and quite unlike the style of the coherent portions of the manuscript. The fact is that the whole play once was written in the manner of the gaps : the surviving part is corrupt and should be corrected. Mr. Walker will tell you how. To discover the authentic style of Sophocles Satyricus, you must first examine and amend the fragments of a certain Alexandrian, called Sositheus. Sositheus is said to have revived the ancient drama of Phlius. Accordingly, having found out what the style of Sositheus may possibly have been, you can infer that Pratinas, whom he may have imitated, may have written in a similar dialect. From this it is an easy step to the conclusion that Sophocles, and other writers of Satyric drama, must have used the same style as Sositheus, since Sophocles may well have imitated Pratinas. If the result is unpleasing, blame Sophocles, not science.

The range of Mr. Walker's investigation is much wider than the single play which gives its title to the book. Thespis is brought back from his eclipse. Sophocles recovers several forgotten works. The lost trilogies of all the great tragedians are in outline reconstructed. The early history of dithyramb and tragedy is rewritten. Choral metres and non-choral, vocabulary, stichometry . . the book is a mine of learning and of brave hypothesis. We are breathless as we follow our impetuous guide. From time to time we seem to descry something of value in the mass of wild conjecture. Anyhow, we cannot steel our hearts against an enthusiasm so sincere ; and when we are most inclined in the name of sound reason and good learning to protest, we are disarmed by the author's own admission, "certainties are for such as think them discoverable." For himself, he says :

Like the silly Cyclician, I have driven my random plough through fields already ploughed ; but unlike him I seem really to have found some cups, and one or two of them—who knows ?—may turn out to be of gold.

We hope so. But when we feel inclined to read the "Ichneutæ" of Sophocles, we shall still think it wisest to have recourse to Mr. Pearson's edition of the Fragments.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

FONTES HISTORIÆ RELIGIONIS PERSICÆ, by Carolus Clemen (Bonn, A. Marcus & E. Weber), is a small book of 116 pages, the first volume of a series "Fontes Historiæ Religionum," edited by the present author. The quotations range throughout the Classics from Xanthus, who wrote before Herodotus, to Nicephorus Callisti, c. 1320, and provide the student of the ancient Persian religion with many data on the subject as the Greek and Latin writers saw it.

HUXLEY AND COMTE

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. By Leonard Huxley. (Watts. 3s. 6d. net.)

AUGUSTE COMTE. By F. J. Gould. (Watts. 3s. 6d. net.)

HUXLEY and Comte had little enough in common—the one was as discursive and experimental as the other was systematic and theoretical—but both had a kind of assurance which is rare to-day. Both men had a confidence in the influence of reason, a confidence, fundamentally, in human nature, which is quite unlike the feeble, transient flushes of enthusiasm we find in our contemporary intellectual leaders. Each of these men laboured to make clear a way of salvation; if this could be discovered and the message made plain, they did not doubt that mankind would follow it. They did not suffer from the *àquibonisme* which is the creeping paralysis of our time. Unfortunately, our present malady seems to be the result of a knowledge and experience that these men either did not possess or that they found themselves able to ignore. We wheel our invalid-chair up to their lecture-rooms; we listen with sympathy, even with admiration, and when they address us directly with the tremendous command "Arise, and walk!" we may even totter a few steps. . . .

Of these two men, it is Huxley who touches us more closely to-day, and that precisely because he stood for a principle and deliberately eschewed systems. His description of Comtism as "Catholicism minus Christianity" expressed exactly his twofold objection: it was, on the one hand, a system, and on the other it lacked a definite, informing principle. The description is not quite fair. Comtism has a principle, although, compared with such detailed precepts as the different Christian catechisms enjoin, it may be rather vague. But in Comte's Catechism occurs the maxim "Act from affection, and think in order to act," which is as sensible a principle of conduct as can be found anywhere. But it is true that Comte was, above all, the creator of a system, a Religion of Humanity, complete with temples, priests, rules and even a calendar. And Comte himself, who has, at all times, difficulty in winning our personal esteem, becomes frankly unsympathetic as he becomes more consciously a great Founder and Teacher. We can, perhaps, excuse his perpetual borrowings, even when he accepts all the little savings of his devoted servant woman, for we can, by an effort, sympathize with his conception of himself as a great philosopher that any man might be glad to beggar himself to support. But the arrangement for having his house and belongings kept up just as he left them (at the expense of his disciples), the direction that he was to lie in state for sixty hours after his death, his mania for deference—this would look questionable to us even in the life of Gautama Buddha. Perhaps it was partly a remembrance of these proceedings that led Huxley to write: "Of all possible positions that of master of a school, or leader of a sect, or chief of a party, appears to me to be the most undesirable; in fact, the average British matron cannot look upon followers with a more evil eye than I do." Instead of a system he had a principle: "Sit down before every fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing." It is the scientific ideal.

But although the two men differed so greatly, they were at one in their dissatisfaction with modern civilized conditions. Comte's "Ni Dieu ni Roi" became for Huxley the reorganization of morality and society on scientific principles. It comes to the same thing. We, who are in a later stage of the comprehensive revolution they began, can see them as collaborators. We differ from them both in being less confident about the outcome.

J. W. N. S.

WRITTEN ON AIR

R.F.C. H.Q., 1914-1918. By Maurice Baring. (Bell. 8s. net.)

IT is difficult for the layman to appraise this book, because the only word of opprobrium in it is justly directed at his head. There is for him only to acknowledge his grave transgression, of procrastination and ignorance, and read with humility how his crime was expiated by the heroic valour of the R.F.C., noting the while how great was the cost in men's lives.

Major Baring had unique opportunities for observation and record; for he was, first, intelligence officer to General Henderson, and from, August, 1915, staff officer to General Trenchard. His particular genius inspired him to write this book with irreproachable taste, without sentiment, without adornment, without partiality, and with so profound an appreciation that the last word seems said, being the right word.

That culpable public neglect and Government parsimony led to the sacrifice of innumerable lives, that political interference delayed or prevented success in operations of strategy, is clear to careful perusal. Not all who run may read, but it will be a hopeful sign of intelligence and resolve on the part of official staffs set over Army, Navy, and Air Force cadets if this book is employed for their instruction and inspiration.

It is a document of desperate valour—desperate because the first glamour of a fight to win was too often worn away by heart-devouring delays in supply of men and machines. But for the tenacity of will, the invincible optimism and unconquerable spirit of the whole Force, those marvellous and audacious enterprises could never have been achieved. It is common knowledge that the death-roll among officers in the R.F.C. was after the first few months larger in proportion than that in any other branch of the services. Trained experts of a high degree of efficiency, and possessed of unusual qualities, were demanded in ever-increasing numbers to undertake work of a new order, with a huge ratio of risk. That these were forthcoming is to the nation's lasting credit, and that they were commanded in so masterly a manner its infinite good fortune.

If a future and more resolute public asks why, of a period so critical as December, 1917—May, 1918, there is no record, it will learn that the cause was political intrigue, of which the Air Force was largely the victim. We must allow that a new arm in war must encounter difficulties of organization, strategy and tactics; but that its leaders should be exposed to irrefutable calumny or thwarting influences is for a nation to allow its own vital interest to be defeated. Major Baring offers no explanation of this gap of five months. His silence is sufficiently significant.

In contradistinction to some military books lately published, it is satisfactory to note the generous tributes of perception and admiration accorded to the French commanders. From what Major Baring says of General Castelnau and the French Air Commandant Du Peuty we could quote to the extent of unfairly revealing the book.

The testimony to our own force is ample, too sacred to quote; and, indeed, their achievements are too numerous to be recorded, except in the memories of those intimate and irreparable private losses which form the nation's proud tragedy. That their lasting names and deeds are written on that most changing element the air is both a paradox and reward.

The personal reserve of Major Baring regarding his chief is due, we are sure, to his concern for that chief's taste in the matter. General Trenchard's address to a squadron which had suffered great loss is its most honoured memory and a declaration of his own inviolate principle.

E. S.

THE BOOKS OF THE SMALL SOULS

THE LATER LIFE.—THE TWILIGHT OF THE SOULS.—DOCTOR ADRIAAN. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net each.)

THOSE of us who are seriously interested in contemporary fiction cannot afford to disregard these admirably translated novels by the famous Dutch author. It is stated in an explanatory note that they can be read independently and separately, but that is, we think, to miss the peculiar interest of Mr. Couperus' achievement. True, the first book, which was published some years ago and which bears the covering title of the series "Small Souls," may be considered as complete in itself, but it is also the key to these three that follow after; and although, apart from them, it may and it does strike us as very brilliant, very sensitive and amazingly vivid and fresh, it is only when we look back upon it and see it in its rightful place in relation to the others that we recognize the full significance of the qualities we admire.

We do not know anything in English literature with which to compare this delicate and profound study of a passionately united and yet almost equally passionately divided family. Little by little, by delicate stages, yet without any preliminary explanations or reserves, we are taken into the very heart of the matter. The troubling question which would seem to lie so heavy upon the pen of many a modern writer: "How much can I afford to take for granted? How much dare I trust to the imagination of the reader?" is answered here. We are too often inclined to think it may be solved by technical accomplishment, but that is not enough; the reason why Mr. Couperus can afford to dismiss the question, to wave it aside and to take everything for granted, is because of the strength of his imaginative vision. By that we mean it is impossible in considering these books not to be conscious of the deep breath the author has taken; he has had, as it were, a vision of the Van Lowe family, and he has seen them as souls—small souls—at the mercy of circumstance, life, fate. He has realized that that which keeps them together, the deep impulse which unites them through everything, is apprehension. The real head of the family, the grim, ghostly shadow whose authority they never question, is Fear. So, as we speak of the idea underlying a poem, we may say that Fear is the idea underlying these novels. If we listen deeply enough we can hear this unquiet heart of the Van Lowe family throbbing quickly, and it is because it is never for a moment still that the author succeeds in keeping our interest passionately engaged. We are constantly aware of the vision, the idea; it is the secret that he permits us to share with him, and in the end it seems to give way to a deeper secret still.

In the first of these four great glimpses of the Van Lowe family the home is already empty. Some of the children are married with families of their own, and all are scattered, but the mother still has the power of calling them under her wing every Sunday evening; and here it is that we meet them all quickened, all stirring because Mamma has asked them to take back Constance, a sister who disgraced them and who has just come back from abroad because her homesickness was worse than she could bear. She has come back because she cannot exist without family life, that precious exchange of tenderness and sympathy, intimacy and ease. Her sin was that years ago, in Rome, she betrayed her elderly husband with a young Dutch nobleman, and there was a divorce. But he has been her husband for years and their son is now a big boy: Constance imagines that all is long since forgotten and forgiven. Her own family, her own sisters and brothers, could not nourish a grudge against her. In their reaction

to her presence among them we have the measure of the Van Lowe family, and we learn too that her real reason for returning was not her love of them all, but that she had failed to find happiness in her second marriage and was not strong enough to face unhappiness alone.

It is astonishing with what power and certainty the author gives us, in this book, the whole complicated Van Lowe family, how he suggests their weakness under their apparent strength, their wastefulness under their apparent reserve. Paul, the exquisite, with his mania for order, and his sense of the exquisite wasted upon ties and the arrangement of his wash-handstand; Ernst, who lavishes his pity and sensitiveness upon ancient pots and books; Dorine, whom nobody wants, spending herself upon things that do not matter, and Constance, with her longing to be loved thwarted by her jealousy and pettiness. Apart from them all there is Addie, Constance's little son, who looks at all that is happening with his grave, childish eyes and sees them as they are. This little boy, who is ten years old in the first book and is the Doctor Adriaan of the last of the series, is the hero, if hero he can be called. It is through him that Constance is received back into her family, and it is he who prevents his mother and father from making a tragedy of their lives. Until the last book he seems to be quite untouched by the terror of life and the weakness of the others. But in Doctor Adriaan, just when we imagine that if the burden is to be lifted it will be lifted by Addie, the famous young doctor, the healer, it is quite wonderfully suggested that he too has not escaped. He feels at times a sense of dreadful insufficiency. He does not feel strong enough to stand alone, and turns to his foolish, charming father for support.

"The Later Life" is concerned almost entirely with the blossoming of a late love between Constance and a man as old as she, side by side with the very first early love of one of her nieces, Marienne. Under the spell of her feelings Constance becomes young again, but she does not become a girl again. Marienne, with her recklessness and her small laugh like a shake of silver bells, is cruel and violent. She must be happy; she will be happy. But Constance enters into a silent kingdom where everything is illusion and the air breathes peace. But the end, again, is like a question; it is a chord struck softly which does not close the phrase, but leaves us wondering.

In "The Twilight of the Souls" the chief figure is of one of the brothers, Gerrit, a great bluff, burly, healthy brute of a fellow who is haunted by the feeling that there is a worm with legs eating up his marrow. He has a charming little wife, nine little children, and everybody knows him and loves and laughs at him, and there is that worm—confound it—burrowing away with its legs and licking up his marrow. This is an amazing, masterly study in pity and terror. It is the flaming intolerable core of the book, and round it, retreating into the same shadow as he, we have Ernst and Henri and old Mrs. Van Lowe. It is as though the menace that has threatened the family so long, the immense lukewarm family, is realized at last and the Lord spews them out of his mouth. Yet how lingeringly, with what an art are they spewed! It remains in "Doctor Adriaan" to gather up all that are left and to put them in Constance's care. But with them is Addie's wife, a great insensitive young woman who has no patience with their tragedies and thinks them all half mad. . . . The Van Lowe family has fallen; Mathilda treads it under her heavy foot and it does not stir. Even Addie thinks it is time.

But space does not permit us to deal with these books at length. There is an angle from which we seem to see them as the strangest landscapes, small low-lying country swept continually by immense storms of wind and rain,

with dark menacing clouds for ever pulling over and casting a weighty shadow that lifts and drifts away only to fall again.

K. M.

MARGINALIA

FATE during these last months has demanded of me that I should go very frequently to the theatre. Inevitably, the spectacle of the stage as it is has set me wondering and speculating about the stage as it might be, about that not impossible theatre where one is always entertained, surprised, refreshed and amused. For I am not thinking of uplifting plays, nor of tragedy (which, for reasons that are inexplicable, we have chosen throughout the ages to call the highest form of art), but simply of the entertainment that delights without instruction or any excruciation save the agony of laughter. In these entertainments—who can deny it?—the contemporary theatre is deplorably lacking. A dim uniformity is overtaking us. How many forms of entertainment of proved delightfulness have been allowed to decay from their old state of glory or to become altogether extinct? To reward us for winning the war we were given a Victory Circus. It was pleasant enough in its way, to be sure; but what a pale spectre compared with the grand circuses of other days!

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Looking idly through the files of THE ATHENÆUM for 1830, I came upon the following description of an evening at Astley's Circus, when the great Ducrow and his future wife, Miss Woolford, danced a ballet on horseback:

The Circus on Tuesday evening presented a very agreeable novelty, "The Shepherd of the Tyrol and the Swiss Milkmaid," performed by those accomplished equestrians, Mr. Ducrow and Miss Woolford. The lady first appears in very picturesque attire, having under her arm a milk-pail which in the course of a round or two she transfers to her back. The swain comes cantering along after the maiden, and as he beckons to her from the opposite side of the arena, Mr. Ducrow managed to give so much effect to his gesticulations and, like a skilful artist, threw so much space into his picture that we could almost fancy him on the summit of the Brenner saluting his fair mistress, as she was enjoying the prospect from the heights of the Righi. Phillis is coy and flees at the approach of Damon; the speed of the shepherd, however, is greater than hers . . . and at length he overtakes her. Then by dint of a few cajoleries, most prettily performed, and at last by the present of a beautiful bouquet offered on his knees, he propitiates his fair enslaver. . . . At length Damon spies a letter in the bosom of his Phillis—this he snatches and gallops away with—the race is then inverted—Damon flees at the top of his speed and Phillis follows; the former opens the letter and goes through all the pantomimic rage of the jealousy-stricken lover—he tears the paper, his own hair, raves and stamps—Phillis implores in vain. He relents and relaxes his pace, she comes up to him, but her spirit is now up and she again avoids her lover. Hence another pursuit, and at last a reconciliation takes place, the mounted mountaineers embrace, and make their bow and exit.

It sounds quite enchanting. Why is it, I wonder, that nobody does such things now?

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The circus to-day is all but dead, and, still more regrettable, the pantomime, gloriously flourishing in France during the years when Ducrow was making his fortune at Astley's, is now totally extinct. To realize what the pantomime was, what it might again be made, it is necessary to make oneself a little acquainted with the career of the two Deburaus, Gaspard and Charles, those mimes of genius who raised the pantomime to the level of the highest art and for half-a-century, between 1820 and 1870, kept it secure upon its pinnacle. It was Gaspard Deburau, the father, who created out of elements already existing in the Italian comedy the pale figure of Pierrot—Pierrot the inspirer of Jules Laforgue, as well as, through no fault of his own, of most of the sentimentalists from the nineties onwards. Round this new Pierrot and the ancient ageless figures of Harlequin, Cassandre and Colombine, Deburau constructed

a long series of wordless comedies which his son revived, embellished and added to after the elder's death.

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The Deburaus' pantomimes were a combination of acting, dancing and acrobatics. Their stage manner was very quiet; they were serious, *pince-sans-rire*. The elder possessed, moreover, a peculiarly grim and ferocious sense of humour. In his knockabouts with Harlequins, hunchbacks and other *corpora vilia* he used frequently to use his stick in real earnest, belabouring his colleagues unmercifully with, all the time, a wink and a smile for the audience as though to indicate that it was all fun and make-believe. Many of his pantomimes contain episodes of uproarious grimness. Hunchbacks hide in ovens; all, unware the baker lights his fires. A little while later blackened objects are raked out of the oven along with the loaves. Corpses are propped up against walls in lifelike attitudes by their terrified murderers, and, collapsing, are secured, in position by means of stamp-paper attached to the head. Those who watched Gaspard Deburau with care attest that a very peculiar smile, a strange glint of the eyes were observable every time he had occasion, on the stage, to handle a razor, a pistol, or a sword. It is further worth recording that he committed a murder by rapping too smartly over the head a young man who had insulted him in the street. His literary friends, George Sand at their head, made so much noise in his favour that he was completely acquitted.

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To this ferocity of humour, a characteristic belonging to many of the greatest comic writers, Deburau added a prodigious fertility in the invention of ridiculous situations and actions. Even in their written form many of his pantomimes are deliciously fantastic. Acted, they can only have been sublime. If there is any man now living capable of revitalizing the skeletons of Deburau's pantomimes, it is certainly Charlie Chaplin. It is easy to visualize Charlie as Pierrot the scavenger in "Le Billet de Mille Francs"—the consciously casual, deliberately irresponsible *chiffonnier* who picks up everything with his iron prong, from the rubbish on the stage to the conductor's hat; one can see him again as Pierrot the fisherman, who himself gets caught and swallowed by a whale; or in "L'Abbé Capitaine," where the timorous clerical twin of a bold sea-captain has to impersonate his brother, ravished away by an ancient English Miss, enamoured of his charms, first in a sea-fight and then in the rôle of bridegroom at a wedding. Should Charlie Chaplin's comic invention ever fail him, he will always be able to find inspiration here.

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If there is any lesson to be learned from these entertainers of the past, it is this: that the art of wordless miming, whether tragic or comic, should be carefully taught, and that all comedians should be, to some extent, dancers and acrobats. In the days of Gaspard Deburau the French Government insisted that every player in the little halls of the Boulevard du Temple should come on to the stage either on a tight-rope or with a "cart-wheel" or somersault. Wise and admirable law! An intelligent Government would have taken advantage of Dora to promulgate a similar edict for our own theatres. All actors should be able at need to play their parts on their heads—literally and not merely metaphorically, as too many of our *jeunes premiers* are only too ready to do. When all comedians can dance, tumble, balance, juggle, ride horses, and ventriloquize, how delightful an evening at the theatre will be! But, alas! it is impossible that all actors should acquire so many and so difficult accomplishments. Let us content ourselves with a more modest demand for a new Astley's, with a new Ducrow and a new Miss Woolford to perform equestrian ballets, and a new Théâtre des Funambules, with a new breed of Deburaus in a repertory of up-to-date pantomimes.

AUTOLYCUS.

LITERARY GOSSIP

It is the intention of THE ATHENÆUM to devote a portion of its space henceforward to prose fiction. Though we are confident that in the long run we shall be able to put a short story or prose sketch before our readers every week, we are aware that it may not be possible in the early stages of the enterprise to find work of a sufficiently high quality. We prefer to put the situation frankly before our readers rather than disappoint them. Stories and sketches submitted to the Editor should not exceed 2,000 words.

* * *

Those who have read—and those who have not should repair their omission without delay—Professor Saintsbury's "History of the French Novel" will remember that in the preface he bade farewell to the writing of literary history. The more pessimistic of us interpreted this as meaning that we could expect no more books from him at all. We are happy to learn that this is not the case. If we shall never have from him that "History of Wine" which, together with "A History of the Middle Parting," he once contemplated, we shall have one of the appendices to it. We hear that "Notes on a Cellar-Book" have been completed for publication.

* * *

Was Dr. Johnson a smoker? Seeing the question in the contents of the current *Notes and Queries*, we answered pretty confidently that he was not. Our confidence is not exactly shaken by the evidence brought forward by the correspondent of *N. & Q.* The Rev. George Butt, of Lichfield, wrote in a letter to Garrick on March 22, 1777, "There's for you! Give this letter to Dr. Johnson to light his pipe by." Apart from the fact that the phrase is, anyhow, proverbial, the sentence might just as well imply that Dr. Johnson had no pipe to light. It might, indeed, gain a little point.

* * *

In any case we seem to remember that Boswell had something to say on the subject. We cannot at the moment put our hand on the reference to Boswell's dictum; but he quotes Johnson as saying:

Smoking has gone out. To be sure, it was a shocking thing to blow smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes and noses, and to have the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something to do with which he calms himself; beating with the feet or so.

That should be sufficient evidence that Johnson preferred beating with his feet. But we wonder whether in fact smoking was in the Doctor's lifetime on the point of going out, and why?

* * *

That a poem should have a circulation of two million copies is almost incredible. Yet Messrs. Chatto & Windus inform us that this has been the fate of "the Bolshevik poem '12'" by Blok, of which they are to publish a translation shortly. Probably the miracle is explained by its being "a Bolshevik poem." We have visions of a whirlwind of flying pamphlets scattered from the windows of propaganda railway trains; and we have a suspicion that there is more Bolshevism than poetry in "12." Nevertheless, we are curious to read it.

* * *

We have received from Messrs. Dent the first three volumes of the King's Treasures of Literature to which we lately referred in these notes. They fulfil all expectations: they are thoroughly well printed, on tough thin paper, and are of the handy size of the Temple Shakespeare. To produce in these days a volume such as "Prose and Poetry from the Works of Henry Newbolt," 256 pages, of high literary quality, neatly cased in cloth, for 1s. 9d. has

a touch of the miraculous. We have no hesitation in saying that the publishers are attempting a work of true national importance in launching the series.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, June 12, 1920.

WHATEVER may be charged against our political ferment, there is no question that it has given an enormous stimulus to intellectual activity in Ireland. The Irish book-market, formerly regarded by publishers as scarcely worthy of consideration, has experienced, during the past season, an unprecedented "boom"; and one hears now of contemplated enlargements of their enterprises by Irish publishers against the coming of the autumn season. I never remember, again, so crowded—one can scarcely say, perhaps, so distinguished—a musical season as that of the past winter and spring. The summer months are to be devoted to establishing firmly the foundations of the Irish Musical League, recently founded on the model, and owing largely to the inspiration, of the Dublin Drama League. Perhaps in protest against the rigid conventionality of the Hibernian Academy, we have had a positive orgy of "one-man" picture exhibitions. And since Whit Sunday, when it was dedicated, quite a pilgrimage has been made to the Church of St. Joseph at Terenure to see Mr. Harry Clark's east window in stained glass, beautiful in conception and execution—the drawings, as drawing for stained-glass work should be, conventional, except for the Virgin Mother, who has the face of an Irish peasant woman.

Whether or not it be because of our continued political unsettlement I do not know, but even as midsummer approaches we seem to be reluctant to forgo our various artistic activities. Normally, by the end of May, Dublin is a desert watered only by those informal exchanges of mind which, while houses such as Æ's remain as rallying-points, do not cease even in the most arid season. This year, however, even the dog-days have not altogether quenched us. The Abbey season came formally to a close at the end of May, and Mr. Lennox Robinson has fled to Spain. Thither have betaken themselves, by the way, quite a number of our men of letters and painters. What the lure of Spain may be I do not know, unless it be that there also, in a semi-revolutionary country, they look to find something the same intellectual environment as here, with the added attraction of being *au dessus de la mêlée*. But at the Abbey Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, happily restored of late months to the company, is carrying on for a season of some weeks with a company, mostly composed of Abbey players, of his own. This week he enabled Mr. James Stephens to make his *début* as a dramatist, in a little sketch "The Wooing of Julia Elizabeth." I suspect collusion between Mr. Stephens and Mr. Kerrigan in this matter. Nobody but Mr. Stephens seems to be able to write the kind of dialogue which—for the plot is of the slightest—makes this tragic little episode of Dublin lower middle-class life a dramatic success; but nobody but Mr. Kerrigan, to whom falls the chief share in the piece, in the part of a typical Dublin woman, could have achieved the "taking" Dublin accent which to admiration got the humour of the dialogue across the footlights without detracting from the essential tragedy of the episode.

The Hibernian Academy has closed its doors, and simultaneously an artist not before well known to Dublin, Mr. N. French McLachlan, has opened an exhibition in the Mills Hall. After the acres of paint in the Academy, I find a little exhibition like this, and the earlier one of Mr. Jack Yeats, where one has only some two or three score canvases, all hung on the line, at once restful and stimulating. Mr. McLachlan is a disciple of Greiffenhagen. I entered his exhibition with a certain prejudice induced by a catalogue with various "Observations on Art" appended in the style of "Only mediocrities progress; an artist revolves in a cycle of masterpieces, the first of which is no less perfect than the last," and by the artist's announcement that he is "a bit of a rebel." But I left it better pleased. His exhibition shows Mr. McLachlan as a portrait painter of much promise; his head of Mr. W. K. Magee has caught the elusive John Eglinton—a difficult subject—almost to perfection; and he has some attractive landscapes. The "rebel" note appears in a few arresting and interesting adventures in primary colour.

W. B. W.

"ATHENÆUM" ESSAY COMPETITION

THE following is the list of the awards made by the judges:

- 1st Prize, £50: W. A. ORTON,
217, Shooter's Hill Road,
Blackheath, S.E.
- 2nd Prize, £25: M. J. MUNRO,
Glenbrae, Cowdenheath,
Fife, N.B.
- 3rd Prize, £10: ARNOLD O. GIBBONS,
22, Trefoil Road,
Wandsworth Common, S.W.18.

Ten Prizes of £5.

- ETHEL RICHMOND FARADAY, Church Croft, Orleton,
Herefordshire.
- J. J. B. MARTIN, 44, Thirlestane Road, Edinburgh.
- MISS MARJORIE E. DAY, Wycombe Abbey, Bucks.
- MISS R. M. R. CROCKETT, 28, Stonegate, York.
- MISS M. L. DAVIES, The College, Harrogate.
- MISS TOWNSEND, 14, Stanley Gardens, Notting Hill Gate.
- HERBERT READ, Muscoate, Beaumont Road, Purley.
- REV. E. C. E. OWEN, Bucknell Rectory, Bicester.
- MISS EDNA SMALLWOOD, 30, Lordship Park, Stoke Newington.
- MISS RUTH HEMINGWAY, 31, Birchwood Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.

Ten Prizes of £3.

- MRS. URSULA ROBERTS, 19, Woburn Square, W.C.1.
- MISS J. AITKEN, The County Secondary School, West Hill, Putney, S.W.15.
- R. O. PROWSE, 47, St. Quintin's Avenue, W.10.
- MARY BUTTS, 43, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3.
- MISS T. BOSANQUET, 38, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3.
- JULIAN D'ALBIE, 25, Durham Terrace, W.2.
- MRS. GRACE CARLTON, 33, Donnington Park Road, W. Hampstead, N.W.
- MISS D. N. DALGLISH, 19, Nicosia Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.18.
- L. F. SALZMAN, 14, Brookside, Cambridge.
- REV. JAMES DINWOODIE, 42, Morningside Road, Edinburgh.

BOOK SALE

MESSRS. SOTHEY held a three days' sale of books, May 12 to 14, in which the following were the most important lots: Shakespeare, Works, 1632, £200. Linschoten, Discours of Voyages, 1598, £91. Scott, Works, 74 vols., 1814-32, £60. Dickens, Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, 13 parts only, 1837, £122; A Christmas Carol, first issue, presentation copy, 1843, £200; The Cricket on the Hearth, presentation copy, 1846, £198. Omar Khayyám, Rubáiyát, FitzGerald's translation, 1859, £92. The Pack-Man's Pater-Noster, printed by Edward Raban at Aberdeen, 1624, £51. The total of the sale was £4,329 6s. 6d.

On Wednesday, June 9, and the following day, Messrs. Sothey were selling autograph letters, manuscripts and printed books from various sources, the chief lots being: J. Keats, autograph sonnet "On a Leander which Miss Reynolds gave me," £57. R. Fulton, Descriptions and Drawings of a Submarine, 1806, £66. R. Burns, A Ls. 3 pp. folio to Mr. Johnson, £132; three autograph songs, £255. Abraham Lincoln, Draft of a Speech, £120. Mary, Queen of Scots, A Ls. to the King of France, written in captivity, £220. Gerson, De Imitatione Christi, illuminated MS. 15th century, £80. Apperley, C. J., Life of a Sportsman, 1842, £93. Kate Greenaway, Almanacks, 23 vols., 1883-97, £68; another set, 9 vols., all presentation copies, £100; book of 31 original drawings, £52. A collection of over 1,300 caricatures by Gillray, Alken, Bunbury, Rowlandson, etc., 12 vols., 1747-1831, £265. Alken, National Sports of Great Britain, 1821, £150. John Gould's Ornithological Works, 25 vols., 1848-73, in special bookcase, £420. Sir W. Scott, Works, 74 vols., 1814-32, £71. James I., Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie, 1584, £235. A collection of the works of Dickens, with his life and letters, 75 vols., 1836-82, sold in separate lots for a total of £393.

THE PRIZE ESSAY

ENGLISH LITERATURE SINCE 1914

"THE artist," wrote the author of "The Daffodil Fields," so long ago that he has probably forgotten the occasion, "creates the image of his own soul. When he sees the insufficiency of that soul, he can either remedy it, or take to criticism." One man at least, you are to understand, followed the way of salvation—even through a certain bye-street that it had perhaps been better for literature never to have heard of; leaving a younger generation, intent on short cuts to Parnassus, to storm the critic's castle, stir up and scatter his assorted stock of values, his chiselled distinctions and traditional categories, and turn the fellow adrift in a world so crazed with advertisement that even the muses stagger.

And as if in any case his plight were not exacting enough, the cataclysm of war must needs augment the critic's difficulties. That ubiquitous ordeal, he must reflect, raises in a myriad several cases the question of the ethical ought; answer to which is apt to be determined less by what men are than by what they fancy they would like to be. The common imagination—crucial element in all crises—working at first through an eclecticism not altogether involuntary, tends to evolve a type. The press and the music-hall are prompt to respond; the trained sense of the popular in journalists, variety artists, official propagandists, publicity experts of all descriptions, combines with the widely-felt impulse of sincere patriotism to define an ideal—an ideal soldier, an ideal nation, an ideal war; which things, bearing no necessary relation whatever to reality, possess the essential quality of being bearable; they are a way of escape. So only can common humanity endure to envisage itself; so only can its innate possibilities be drawn forward to the plane of the effective, the admirable, even the heroic. Talent of all sorts is drawn into the vortex—not parasitical talent only, but all such as by lack of intrinsic originality, or by intuitive sympathy with the divine average, interprets the thought, the fancy, the passion, of the common mind. Vesta Tilley, Bruce Bairnsfather, "Sapper," "Bartimeus" and the lesser tellers of tales, Ian Hay with his hundred thousand, Kipling and Robert Service, Donald Hankey and the author of "Peace of Mind"—all these, and countless others, have here something in common; all are part cause, part effect, of the great manifestation. Such work is in a psychological sense occasional; it does not arise *post hoc* from the literal reality of war. At its lowest it becomes the easy medium through which knaves and tyrants debase the currency of ideals; at its highest it aspires to the plane of epic, of genius so-called national; or failing that—as in fact it does—attains, at least, lasting merit in the fine-won sincerity of Laurence Binyon, the disciplined sentiment of Maurice Baring, or the perfect attitude of Rupert Brooke—"through whose brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which"—not the gods, but the crowd, first conceived.

The process by which the *Ersatz* becomes—or is made—a substitute for real thought and true perception when its natural life is ended belongs rather to sociology than to criticism; but of such specifically war literature as it has evoked there are two relevant considerations: first, that by the very nature of its inspiration such work tends to speak in the language, to follow the formulæ, of an age that is already dead—a tendency difficult for even genius to overcome; second, that the whole vision in which it participates may be, for reasons which allow no brief definition, inadequate. The cruder realities of war break through it, in such cases as can be observed, with disintegrating effect; and the inevitable reaction takes the

direction of a salutary insistence on the ugliness of certain facts.

Salutary, we say—borrowing from hygiene a term that is without significance to art. Essential as the smashing of sham idealism and perfervid attitudinizing may be to individual and to national health and sanity, the service is not in itself such as literature need esteem; nor so far as reaction alone is its motive can its method have more than an accidental interest to criticism. The fact that certain young and passionate minds, confronted perforce with the naked ghastliness of war, have in making of it what they could made something significant, arresting, amazing even, does not necessarily oblige art to them. Despite the perennial fallacy of modernism, the employment of a more or less literary technique does not suffice to determine the value of the product as literature. The critic, faced with the attempt to coerce words to a task for which, if the technique of literature be not suitable, that of other arts is still less so, may indeed decide that the sheer temerity of H. E. Read is more compelling than the rhymed Marinetti of Robert Nichols or the sophisticated realism of Graves and Gibson; that while his passion gives pungency to the virulent etchings of Sassoon it also lands him at times, by its very fury, in the attitude of the inarticulate gutter-urchin spitting in the face of destiny. But if the scale of values applied to this phase, or indeed to the whole of modern realism, is to be that of great literature, other criteria than mere success in the presentation of mood and matter become relevant. Questions of what mood? what matter? are then no longer to be ignored. Reality then leaps above the plane of immediacy. Ultimately, in art as in life, there is no escaping the soul.

And with so much at least of the critical premisses left standing it becomes possible to widen the view a little. Perfect art, through all change of circumstance, remains the appointed expression of absolute reality; there is no other—no, nor ever will be. But the reality so expressible does not stop short at phenomena, the truth of accidentals, of individual reactions; it reaches down to the very being and source of apprehension underlying even the soul. And the perfection of art so postulated is not achieved merely by the quest of the significant aspect, the "exact word," the perfect cadence: it demands nothing less than the lifelong discipline of the whole willing, thinking, sentient being.

Of this discipline that of technique is only the more patent and the more controllable part; but it is the part on which the renaissance of the last decade was inherently bound to concentrate attention. The secret of that renaissance—if indeed it were a secret at all and not something more familiar to mystics of all ages than its present votaries would allow (I heard, said St. Martin, flowers that sounded, and saw notes that shone)—lay in the approach to truth by intensity of contemplation of any one of its myriad facets: the adoption towards phenomena of the attitude of the child watching a painted gauze drop-curtain behind which at any moment the lights might go up and wonder on wonder reveal itself of beauty and terror and romance. Naturally there has followed a transvaluation of the old æsthetic values; the field of significant experience has suddenly become wider and the evocative power of word and image correspondingly enhanced. Not merely has the technique of craftsmanship gained new resources, but the technique of perception—the raw material, as it were, of creative work—has been amazingly developed. And consciously and exquisitely as never before do young poets ride to town on the top of an omnibus, or take a week-end in the country, or walk among trees, or gaze out of windows, or traverse the crowded streets, or enter rooms (having learnt the gait from Lewis)

or listen to music, or revive their earlier infancy: create, in short, the images of their own souls; but unfortunately it is the critic, in receipt of such *pièces de vertu* almost by the dozen, who is the likelier to see the insufficiency of them.

For granted an enhanced delicacy and intensity of perception in much of the poetry of the period, granted an almost amazing development in synthetic vision, these things are but the beginnings of great art, and the opening-up of a new avenue to perfection that does not displace the ultimate goal. Alike in the delightful frescoes of H. D., the fifteen words in which Drinkwater captures the June morning, the charm of Ralph Hodgson's address to the things he cares for, the sheer magic that in de la Mare's lyrics, in Graves' "Star Talk," in Monro's "Overheard on a Salt-marsh," evokes the echoing overtones of word and image—it is not the individual mode that matters, but the strong feet of beauty that follow, follow after. And of the greatest poetry even such beauty is but one constituent. The question of reflective content, though not separately distinguishable—great art being the fusion, not the assemblage, of excellences—will not be dismissed as irrelevant; and for response we must still turn to the older men—to Hardy, to Robert Bridges, to Masfield, to Sturge Moore. In Hardy's lyrics alone is audible that music in which fine thought transfused into pure emotion becomes articulate; but the sublimation in poetry of the fullest knowledge now attainable is an ideal towards which the poets we have named, and with them such younger writers as J. M. Murry and T. S. Eliot, do well to turn. For with a language plastic and potent as never before, with keener perceptions and a scrupulous self-consciousness, with the ears of two continents vigilant in an almost overstrained attention, modern poetry yet leaves the missing word unspoken.

For an adequate conception of human life in its enigmatic environment of fate and circumstance we must look at present elsewhere than to poetry. The impression of finality—the finality of Sophocles or Ibsen—evoked by the recollection of sublimity beyond beauty and ugliness, beyond pain and satisfaction, beyond good and evil, is set at present only upon the work of Joseph Conrad. In the comprehensive survey of a period there is of this work little that can be said. Like all great art, only to a very limited extent will it tolerate the application of relative standards; and the absolute values itself expresses better than any critic can. There may, however, be drawn a comparison between the mode in which its conception of life is presented and the approach to the larger themes made in the endless books or monologues or memoranda with which H. G. Wells' latest phantoms concern themselves, or, more generally, in what has come to be called the psychological novel; and the comparison illustrates the peculiar difficulty with which the latter medium has to contend.

Just as the enrichment of what we have called the technique of perception has temporarily embarrassed poetry, so the development of a third resource—the technique of analysis—has embarrassed fiction. From the truism that a good novel will not express false psychology it is easy to pass—as in fact a large public and some authors have passed—to the fallacy that sound psychology will itself constitute excellence in a novel. There are, let us admit, situations in psychology of which an imaginative treatment is legitimate and serviceable; there are others—and Beresford himself in "God's Counterpoint" has found one—in which it is not. But while in the latter case the discrepancy will suffice to damn the novel, the former will not necessarily save it. And in general, the use of the imagination in the constructive criticism of life—the method, if you will, of hypothesis in excelsis—is not a sufficient formula for the novel as literature. Courageously and

well as Beresford, Cannan, Swinnerton and Wells have at times used it, the literary merit of their work inheres rather in its cognizance of certain more fundamental criteria.

Of these something like that energy, surprise and delight in the discovery of life which Walpole identifies in Conrad's genius, has led Compton Mackenzie, who sees life very differently, to his true métier in comedy. The ability to create character and situation for the sheer joy of it, to do so well enough to communicate some sense of that joy to the reader, implies not only that an author has mastered his technique, but that (unlike Dorothy Richardson) he knows what to do with it. Mackenzie, like other young men, has had his aberrations; but he has the sense of beauty, he has a genuine fondness for the unique spectacle of humanity, and if he can avoid the trivial and outgrow the perverse he may do much to clarify the ideal of the novel.

For, develop how it may, there is one essential principle of the novel as literature; namely, that the imagination be not subordinated to, or eked out by, any other impulse. It must not remain merely the vehicle of a sociological or psychological or political or personal preoccupation. Whatever the philosophy or the passion behind it, creative work must exist, if at all, primarily in its own right. And the most promising tendency of recent fiction is the endeavour distinctly traceable in the work of certain writers to transcend the limitations of a purely critical interest. Katherine Mansfield in two studies of unique quality, *Eric Leadbitter*, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Brett Young, Joseph Hergesheimer, present each a vision of life that is intrinsically worth contemplating; and even in the fantastic satire of Norman Douglas the merit lies in the imaginative work being well done.

The scale of the vision: the style, not of the expression, but of the conception—that is, in fiction as in all art, the final test. Here is scope for much misapprehension. It should be platitudinous to remark that in the portrayal of a single soul—one's own, perhaps, by way of "remedying the insufficiency"—a greater conception may lie implicit than in addressing the most comprehensive themes; that it is not so is due largely to the war-born popularity of efforts to "document" society. Such attempts as those of Stephen McKenna, W. L. George, Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells to "put on record" a certain phase (transient, let us hope) of national life, are always more likely to result in brilliant journalism than in great fiction. As such they have their value—and perhaps attain their object; but by the side of "Anna Karenin," or of Merezhkowski's "Peter and Alexis"—a book that has yet to receive adequate appreciation in this country—they recall irresistibly the contrast between the film and the drama. Hugh Walpole, in his two Russian novels, has at least succeeded in evoking the same fundamental reality that Paul Nash captures in his paintings of the Western Front; and the achievement might have been still greater had the author been able, without loss of interest, to discard the use of the first person in narrative. It may be relevant to more books than this to suggest that, after all, the legitimate use of the first person is that made by Swift and Defoe; that otherwise, *pace* Mr. Wells, it is apt to become a snare and a subterfuge for the modern novelist—precisely the kind of subterfuge that Wells has been reduced in war-time to employing.

These are perhaps hard words to use of one who has laboured much, if not finely; but it is Wells' own past achievement that demands them. In "The Soul of a Bishop," in the "Undying Fire," in the "Research Magnificent," Wells has essayed the very loftiest of themes: the soul's relation to God, the destiny of Man, the life of a nation; and the attempt is

so ill-considered as to result in neither essay nor novel nor allegory nor any other thing known to literature. A writer so eager to express himself that he cannot be bothered (it is not a question of ability) to make proper use of the means he has himself chosen, ceases, whatever else he may become, to be an artist. His work amounts to an abuse, not a use, of literary form. If we are really intended to take, for example, the opinions of Benham as an independent contribution to thought their form should be that of the essay; but if not, if they are to be viewed as having a certain dramatic as well as intrinsic significance—and why else Benham?—their mouthpiece should have at least enough cogency and probability for us to believe in him. With no more success does Wells resort to allegory; there again this question of form arises, allegory demanding a detached and chastened style of word and thought of which Wells has never pretended to be a master. The essay, proper vehicle of fine personal thought, would seem to be the obvious mode for much of his recent activity; but this form demands a delicate appreciation of the true uses of intellect and imagination which neither Wells nor his age has troubled to cultivate.

For the age, however, there is perhaps some excuse. Civilization, reeling onward from convulsion to convulsion, cannot pause to notice the exquisite art of the essay. Your would-be essayist must bawl, or attitudinize, or traduce his vocation to the vending of nostrums (mostly quack), or even—shade of Teufelsdröckh!—to the vending of clothes. Yet, like all true forms, the essay survives; and J. M. Murry in a book on Dostoevsky to which in critical merit neither its author nor anyone else can show a recent parallel, and Sturge Moore in sane and sensitive appreciations of poetry, have served it well. There are signs in current literature that a revival of the essay, were it but practically possible, would do much to meet the literary need of the time. But the time has more urgent needs that are hardly compatible with the satisfaction of a purely literary one.

And on what is perhaps the supreme synthesis of all forms—the drama—the burden of civilization has pressed almost to suffocation. Bernard Shaw, it is true, can yet find air enough to protest in the kind of work that Tchekov, rewriting the "Wild Duck" with the collaboration of Miles Malleson, might produce; Drinkwater can find in the whole of London a public that will attend one good new play. But that fine dramatic work is so little forthcoming is due simply to its proper school being not the study, but the stage; and the stage is required to meet other demands of civilization. Over the whole future of literature those demands project a shade of uncertainty. This nation, victorious in its greatest war, may justly expect to reap some measure of the realities it has been led to fight for. In that event, literature, along with other finer activities of the spirit, may find itself for years to come the poorer. There remains the hope that as in the contest literature filled not unworthily the redemptive rôle of art, so in the difficult sequel its strength and sincerity may assuage to this people the bitter fruits of victory.

WILLIAM ORTON.

THE French Academy has elected M. Joseph Bédier to the chair vacant by the death of M. Edmond Rostand. M. Bédier received 20 votes, M. Francis Jammes 8, and M. Paul Fort 2. M. Bédier's work on the *Chansons de Geste* ("Légendes Épiques") is of European renown. He succeeded Gaston Paris as Professor of Mediæval French Literature at the Collège de France.

It is interesting to note that the *Tribuna*, June 14, announces that Signor Benedetto Croce will certainly be the Minister of Education in the new Italian Ministry under Signor Giolitti.

Science

THE HUMAN INTEREST

THE END OF THE WORLD. By Joseph McCabe. (Routledge. 6s. net.)

THE title of Mr. McCabe's book is not very pertinent to its contents, but we were inclined to approve of his choice, since it is not an unfair title and might serve to attract readers. But will it, in truth, attract readers? The cover wrapper states that the purpose of the book is to give "the present position of science in connection with the End of the World." Are there many people who bother about the end of the world? Surely one of the most remarkable things about men is the narrowness of their interests. They live on a small planet circulating round one moderate-sized star in a universe of thousands of millions of stars; the whole human adventure occupies but a moment in the life of that universe. The mystery of life, of man's destiny, must be envisaged in that setting. There are moments when the ordinary occupations of men seem designed by some jesting devil. But these moments are not long sustained. The comfortable assurance of man's supreme importance, of "the essentially respectful attitude of the universe towards his moral code," as a recent writer puts it, has so high a pragmatic value that it is almost impossible to get along without it. Perhaps the realization of this fact, as much as sheer stupidity, is responsible for what Mr. McCabe calls the "foolish smiles" of his hearers when he lectures to them about "millions of years." With some men, indeed, there is a fear-inspired hatred of science, particularly of Astronomy, although the irreverent attitude of modern psychology is also arousing much opposition. We need not concern ourselves with the rationality of this dislike; we might point out that a soul is worth more than any number of tons of incandescent metals, but perhaps in doing this we should not be quite sincere. It was undoubtedly easier to hold certain beliefs about man in a pre-Copernican world than it is now, whatever the logical basis of the difficulty may be.

But while we do not belong to those who refuse to play any part unless it be the leading part, we are equally unsympathetic to those who describe man's "littleness" with malice. It sounds true enough to say that the earth will ultimately become too cold to support life, that the sun will grow dark, that the human race will become extinct and all its achievements utterly perish. So far as science at present knows, the whole human adventure is meaningless. There are some strangely bitter writers who seem to exult in this; such exultation is quite unimaginative; such writers are as parochial as the opponents they hope to wound. But even in men of good faith so cosmic a melancholy is not necessary. As Mr. McCabe points out, science grants the human race a future on this earth of some millions of years. If such a vista does not satisfy us, we can escape the thought of final extinction by postulating any degree of scientific knowledge that we please. Whether or not "progress" has occurred, it is certain that change occurs, and that scientific knowledge, and power derived from it, has enormously increased within a few centuries. We cannot say what limits there are to man's knowledge and control of nature; we can set no bounds whatever to the possible achievements of the next few million years. We cannot even say what we mean by the "human race" of a million years hence. If we are concerned about the extinction of our kind of man, it is possible enough that he will be extinct long before our posterity comes to an end. When it is not merely a translation of a desire for personal immortality, there is something a little fatuous about this gloom con-

cerning the fate of the race. We need take little more interest in the fate of the last man than in the fate of the last Martian. It is at least probable that anything we could recognize, our art, our morality, our religion, even our science, will not have to wait until the earth is cold for extinction. The only people that one can understand looking forward to the cessation of the race with any real personal interest are those philosophers who have discovered the Absolute.

It is for this reason that we do not find the "human interest" in Mr. McCabe's theme that he imagines it to possess. He is like a novelist who has mistaken the nature of our interest in his characters. Mr. McCabe has got hold of the wrong corpse; such phrases as "and some day a dull-red sun will faintly gild the planetary tombs that circle round it until they are gathered again into its womb," leave us dry-eyed. But these little spurts of rhetoric are merely incidental; by far the greater part of the book is concerned with modern speculations regarding the structure and evolution of the sidereal universe. There are but few branches of modern science where speculation is so attractive and so unsatisfactory.

There are three or four main lines of investigation, each of which proceeds on quite reasonable assumptions, and they reach conflicting results. There are good reasons, for instance, urging us to relate star age with spectra. Different spectra, when properly arranged, do, on the whole, glide into one another in a smooth and satisfying way. It is natural to relate the corresponding temperatures with age. But, starting from quite different assumptions, an equally reasonable relation is made out between the speed of a star and its age. The two lists do not agree. When we pursue the subject into details we find still further complications. We have reached a stage familiar enough in the history of science; we may have confidence that history will repeat itself and that these divergent results will find their place in a broader generalization. Mr. McCabe frankly points out the difficulties, but he does so with a slightly nervous air. Apparently there are a number of sceptical people, known to popular lecturers, who are always on the look-out for inconsistencies in scientific theories. This irreverent spirit worries Mr. McCabe. He points out that modern astronomers are not really all at sixes and sevens, that there are certain things on which they are all agreed. We admire Mr. McCabe's humility, his democratic spirit, but we fear he is wasting his time.

The obvious and simple fact is that the people he has in mind are not interested in science; there is a certain lack of humour in taking their objections seriously. It seems that Mr. McCabe has not quite rid himself of the point of view proper to a Churchman—of a "body of doctrine" backed by "authorities." The scientific outlook is different; it asks you to criticize the teaching and to come to a different conclusion if you reasonably can. So all Mr. McCabe need do with his next audience of scoffers is to ask them for their own explanations of the facts. He might find a rebel as reasonable as Einstein, of whom, by the way, Mr. McCabe does not seem to have heard. There is a passage in Mr. McCabe's book which does not seem consistent with the date—1920—of publication, more especially as he says that its contents are based on the papers which have appeared in "expert journals" down to the month in which he writes. Einstein's results have been in the expert journals for the last three or four years, and in ordinary journals for about a year.

Mr. McCabe has written an interesting book, but it is not quite up-to-date. Its information is not quite the most recent and its spirit is not quite modern. But it is, nevertheless, an interesting and fairly reliable summary of contemporary astronomical speculations. Something might have been added, but there is very little that should have been taken away.

S.

SOCIETIES

ARISTOTELIAN.—June 7.—Professor Wildon Carr, Vice-President, in the chair.—The Rev. A. E. Davies read a paper on "Anselm's Problem of Truth and Existence."

The famous proof of the existence of God is not purely ontological, but rather the verification of a specific mode of experience termed "Faith." In Anselm's words it is "Faith seeking understanding," and by Faith is meant a mode of immediate apprehension, awareness of God. Two stages are distinguishable in the reasoning. The first seeks to prove that we must think of ultimate reality in terms of existence. Here the appeal is to logical thought. In the second stage Anselm proves that this ultimate reality is his Personal God. Here the appeal is to experience. The argument implies that truth and existence are two ultimate forms of reality; existence is the reality of things, truth the validity of thought-contents. Hence truth must be sought in terms of validity. This is the logical character of the "proof." We can "only know as perfectly as possible." We know existent reality only as our thinking is valid, and we cannot think validly that God is non-existent. Between these two ultimate forms of reality is presupposed a fundamental agreement, such that the relations of thought validly represent the real relations of things. For Anselm such agreement has its ground in God. A second implication is that when thinking is valid it starts from existence, in the same sense that its contents are occasioned by existent reality. So that without experience we cannot know. The ethical character of the basic conception of God proves it to be no mere thought-product—that is, knowledge presupposes a mode of reality dissimilar from itself.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—May 20.—Sir Charles Oman, President, in the chair.

The Rev. E. A. Sydenham read a paper on the bronze coinage of Nero. The main objects of the paper were to show that Nero's bronze coins were struck at two mints—Rome and Lugdunum, to consider the status of the latter and its relation to the metropolitan mint, and to tabulate, according to obverse legends and styles of portraiture, the coins that may be assigned to the two mints respectively.

The evidence for the existence and operation of the Lugdunum mint from A.D. 22 to 68 was given at length. The criteria for determining the mintage of Nero's coins were considered in detail. The seventeen styles of portrait were illustrated and the forms of legend tabulated. Certain important deductions were made from the foregoing, e.g., as to the dating of the coins, and changes in the working of the mints. In a few cases the styles of the two mints appear to overlap. Explanations of this were suggested and considered. It was hoped that the differentiation between the products of the mints of Rome and Lugdunum outlined in this paper would lead to a more scientific classification of Nero's coins than has hitherto been attempted.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 3.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

The following were elected Fellows of the Society: Mrs. Eugénie Strong, Miss Rose Graham, Canon T. A. Lacey, Rev. A. H. F. Boughey, Col. E. St. C. Pemberton, Messrs. W. Gurney Benham, Herbert Chitty, H. J. Fleure, T. E. Goodyear, Charles Johnson, Frank Lambert, and E. H. Minns. Dr. Aimé Rutot, of Brussels, was elected an honorary Fellow.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 18. King's College, 4.—"Christian Art: Growth of Art among the Young Nations," Professor P. Dearmer.
Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"The Enduring Power of Hinduism," Sir Valentine Chirol. (Sir George Birdwood Memorial Lecture.)
- Mon. 21. Aristotelian, 8.—"Memory and Conation," Miss Beatrice Edgell.
Geographical, 8.30.—"Through South-West Abyssinia to the Nile," Major L. F. I. Athill.
- Tues. 22. Roman Studies (Burlington House), 4.30.—Annual Meeting: Paper on "Roman Antiquities recently added to the British Museum," Mr. A. H. Smith.
- Wed. 23. Geological, 5.30.
- Thurs. 24. Royal, 4.30.—"On some Rostro-carinate Flint Implements and Allied Forms," Sir Ray Lankester; "A Re-examination of the Light scattered by Gases in respect of Polarization: I. Experiments on the Common Gases," Lord Rayleigh; "Note on the Influence of Temperature on the Rigidity of Metals," A. Malloch; "Tidal Friction in Shallow Seas," Dr. H. Jeffreys; and other papers.
- Linnean, 5.—"Recent Researches on the Antarctic Flora," Dr. C. J. F. Skottsberg; "The Cawthron Institute, New Zealand, and its Biological Function," Dr. R. J. Tillyard.
- School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"Gujarat in the Time of Akbar," Sir E. Denison Ross.

Fine Arts

MR. ROGER FRY

MOST people, myself included, find it difficult to look at Mr. Fry's pictures without thinking of his artistic history and his opinions. Just as Newman was converted to the Church of Rome, so he was converted to something which is commonly called Post-impressionism. To many this is the main point for or against him; and his pictures are merely examples of the salutary or awful effect of his conversion. He himself is a propagandist by nature; he writes as the advocate of a cause; and so many see in his art merely advocacy. They ask themselves, not whether these pictures are good or bad, but whether this is the right way or the wrong way to paint. Unconsciously they assume that he paints thus to recommend this way of painting, and they think about the method more than they look at the pictures.

But, of course, method is nothing in art, and, if you see only method in Mr. Fry's pictures, you see nothing in them. Works of art cannot be classified; each one, if it is a work of art, is, like the Angels according to St. Thomas, a species by itself. Now, looking at Mr. Fry's pictures in the mass as one can see them now in the Independent Gallery (7a, Grafton Street), I find that some of them are species by themselves and some do merely illustrate a method. It is clear that Mr. Fry, with his sudden and conscious change rather late in life, has not grown in art as a tree grows or opened like a flower; there has been some obstacle to expression which he has tried to overcome by will and thought. But this does not mean that he has had nothing to express. The same thing happened to Gluck in music, also late in life. He saw that he was on the wrong lines, and thought the matter out and found the right ones. Has Mr. Fry done this?

Anyone, I think, who forgets him and looks at his pictures, will see that in some of them he has; but I am not sure that he himself knows which these are. I have myself still a desire to convert him to what I believe is his own true love; to take him up to his portrait of "N. H." (13) and the portrait called "La diligente" (7) and the portrait of "Mlle. L." (53) and some landscapes such as the "White Road" (51) and the "Farmyard" (77), and to say to him: "This is what you were born to do, don't let any puritanical scruples keep you from doing it." For Mr. Fry has always been a puritan in his attitude to the visible world, a kind of Joseph to its allurements, yet happily not a perfect Joseph. Now and then, and more and more often, he yields, without perhaps being aware of it. The fact, whatever it may be, carries him off his feet; and he makes love in his picture instead of preaching or philosophizing. In theory, the visible world is to him a Circe which, if he yielded to it, would make him a bad artist; but, in practice, he is a good one when he yields to it. This is not as it should be according to his view of the universe; but it is so; and, like Margaret Fuller, he ought now to cry: "I accept the universe." No doubt all his asceticism in the past has been of use to him; he is in no danger of greedily gulping down whatever the visible world offers him; he looks now with disciplined and fastidious senses. But this exhibition proves that, for him, to look with the eye confounds the wisdom of ages. Take, for instance, that portrait of N. H.; it is just a portrait, the expression of an interest, not in significant form, but in that particular person. And, for that reason, the form there is much more significant than in works like the "Ravine" (32), where there is a deliberate effort to make the form significant, and where all the allurements of the visible world seem to be coldly repressed. It is amusing that in the portrait of N. H. there is one protes^s

of the æsthetic puritan: significant form makes its last stand in the cushion, which is a bit of dead design while all the rest is alive and looks undesigned. It is as if Joseph suddenly explained that he was purely platonic; and yet the living child is born. But forget all about Mr. Fry's history, his conversion and his theories, and you must, I think, confess that this is a remarkable picture, not of any new kind, but just a portrait, full of insight expressed always in pictorial terms. And as it is with people, so it is with landscape. Mr. Fry needs to be bowled over, like Van Gogh, by the thing itself; he needs to find in it what he is looking for; and then he can paint it simply and directly and with great precision. This he has done in the "Port, Martigues," in the "White Road," in the "Farmyard." He has not done it in the large Provençal landscape (50), where he seems again to have looked on the beauty of the earth with cold reproving eyes, and to have said: "No; I will not be carried away by these obvious charms. I will make a picture of you; I will subject you to my own notions of significant form." The result is academic, not in the Royal Academy sense, but in the manner of the made landscapes of the seventeenth century. Mr. Fry does not say, "Where shall I put my brown tree?" but he does say, "How shall I achieve my significant form?" He does seem to be insisting, "This is how a landscape ought to be painted." But in art there are no oughts of this kind.

The exhibition contains many experiments, all of them interesting to the æsthetic philosopher, but some merely interesting to him. Mr. Fry is still half a student, though a very learned and clever one. In the "Viaduct" (37) he has been studying M. Marchand; in 8, 25, 43, he attempts genre in the modern manner, but it isn't exactly his manner. We have seen these pictures before; we can classify them, and write them off. But we cannot classify the portrait of "Mlle. L." It is, we are sure, the woman herself; it is not an exercise in the modern manner upon a modern young person.

Perhaps Mr. Fry would disagree with this view of his art. That, to me, is a proof only that he has not quite found himself; but I am sure that the self exists to be found. I wish that some work by a fashionable "brilliant" painter could be hung among his pictures. Then anyone would see that the fashionable painter was merely vivaciously splashing about, pretending that accident was design, and making a design of accident. Mr. Fry does always paint; that is to say, with each stroke of paint he defines, as a good writer defines with every word. At his worst, he would look honestly academic among a lot of fashionable pictures, and they would look trashy. At his best, he is an artist who can express his own interests, his own values, in the terms of his art. But I wish he would free himself of his inhibitions and austerities, yield himself up to nature, and forget all about Joseph and Potiphar's wife and significant form. A. C.-B.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

R.W.S. GALLERIES.—New English Art Club.
P. & D. COLNAGHI & Co.—Etchings and Lithographs by Jean Louis Forain.

It is a pleasure to signal the renaissance of the New English Art Club. In the normal course an institution of this kind would now be quiescent and moribund. And there was indeed a moment when the Club appeared about to accept its normal fate. Handicapped by prejudices in favour of Neo-Pre-Raphaelitism and deserted by most of its successful members, it seemed about to degenerate into a home for the minor lights of twenty years ago and a happy hunting-ground for young ladies from the Slade School. But the present exhibition shows that our fears were unfounded. The N.E.A.C. has taken the bull by the horns and thrown open its doors to members of the London Group and of Group X, and other young men in touch with contemporary effort and research.

The advantages of the step are obvious if we compare Miss Ethel Walker's large decoration, which is merely large and decorative, with Mr. Alvaro Guevara's panel "Medusa's Trial," which is decorative and a good deal more besides. The nominal theme of Mr. Guevara's picture is a scene in a court of law. But the real theme—the relation of imminent tangible entities to things comparatively remote—might have occurred to Mr. Guevara in a hundred other places. The picture has in fact no literary significance at all. It is purely æsthetic in intention and result. It might equally well be said to represent a scene at a circus or in a church, or in any other locality where our attention, projected to a certain distance, has to fight its way above, around and between a series of intervening obstructions. Mr. Guevara, has tried to express this sensation in pictorial terms. But he has not quite solved the problem of the plastic relations between the high-relief silhouettes in the foreground and the smaller and flatter forms behind. Still, we should be dogmatic indeed if we refused gratitude to him for the beauty of these heads or failed to recognize "Medusa's Trial" as a most interesting experiment.

Mr. H. S. Williamson's "Strike Meeting" is another attempt to translate emotional experience into pictorial terms. It is thinly and poorly painted—a mere drawing in oil-colour—but the scene is excellently realized, and the picture devised for its expression admirably constructed both in line and plane. The same artist's "House at Hampstead" is also a very sensitive and intelligent work. Mr. Williamson might learn something of the nature of oil-paint as a medium from the exhibits of Mr. Ginner and Mr. Paul Nash. In the hands of the former it has the heavy, pliant solidity of clay; in the hands of the latter it takes on a wide gamut of qualities, ranging from a warm lusciousness to an almost metallic cold. Mr. Nash is, indeed, a born painter who has the wisdom to reinforce his instincts by the discipline of continuous drawing. There is good painting also in Mr. Gertler's still life, Mr. Neville Lewis's portrait of a famous dealer, Mr. Wheatley's "Edith Grace," and in the landscape by Mr. C. J. Holmes, who (with Mr. Muirhead Bone) upholds the honour of the generation which made the New English Art Club famous.

That conditions are, or were, different in Paris is evident from the exhibition of etchings by Forain at Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery. Forain, who is one of the most famous and popular commercial artists in France, could not possibly have made a living as a commercial draughtsman in England. For he looks facts in the face and blurts out the truth again and again in cruel incisive drawings. His scathing comments on social and political corruption were accepted and welcomed by the people of the Third Republic because they were part of a general revolutionary reaction against elegant appearances and a general revolutionary eagerness to drag ugly facts into the daylight. But Forain could not have drawn for forty years in the English illustrated press and remained an eminent artist at the end. But he has done it in France. In December, 1918, at the age of fifty-six, after a long journalistic career, he suddenly took up his etching needles, which he had practically abandoned since his youth, and produced, within two years, a series of ninety-four etchings of such technical excellence that Mr. Campbell Dodgson does not hesitate to describe him as "one of the great etchers of the world." And this high praise is probably not exaggerated. All etchers will certainly admit that Forain's line in these plates is miraculously free and accurate and instinct with life. Many of the etchings are leaves, as it were, from the note-book of a great impressionist, of a realist who has an unusual power of mastering the universal significance of a fragment. But Forain does not restrict himself to such notes. He enters the field of imaginative realism with a series of illustrations to the Gospel story, and challenges comparison with the later work of Rembrandt. The young men of to-day, who excel in qualities which Forain lacks and centre their attention on purely æsthetic problems, with which he has no conscious concern, would be well advised to study these etchings. For they are the fruit of that intense preoccupation with human life which is, and always has been, one of the main roots of Western Art, and the work of an artist of fine sensibility, with personal visions and great moral courage.

R. H. W.

Music

COVENT GARDEN: "PULCINELLA"

AFTER the tedious monotony of the opera season at Covent Garden, and the still more tedious monotony of the ballet season at Drury Lane, it was a welcome relief to see the Diaghilev ballet once more. There was a large and even exorable audience, at any rate in the upper part of the house, last Thursday week; a tremendous burst of applause for M. Ansermet when that familiar silhouette appeared in the orchestra, and so many bouquets presented to the dancers that one might almost have imagined oneself to be next door. The evening began with one of the best of the ballet's former repertory, "Children's Tales," or, as we are now to call it, "Contes Russes"; at Covent Garden evening dress is indispensable. It gained immensely by the help of the fine orchestra and the big stage; there was no doubt that all the company were determined to be at their best.

The new ballet "Pulcinella" bears the names of Pergolesi and Stravinsky as composers, with Picasso as decorator, but the one mind which it represents more than any other is the astute mind of M. Diaghilev. Long ago an Italian musician of the name of Tommasini conceived the idea of translating a play of Goldoni into the language of ballet and setting it to the music of Domenico Scarlatti. Scarlatti was very much to the fore at that moment, for another Italian musician, Alessandro Longo, had just completed the publication of his complete works for the harpsichord, amounting to over five hundred pieces. Signor Tommasini picked the best of them, together with a few old favourites, and scored them for a modern orchestra with a remarkably sympathetic ingenuity. M. Diaghilev produced the ballet. It had a huge success in Rome, where everybody knew the name, if not indeed the works, of Goldoni and Scarlatti. He brought it to London, but found that it took some time before a Coliseum audience entered into the spirit of it. He moved from the Coliseum to the Alhambra and the Empire, and there discovered what his real London audience was to be. The Coliseum audience frankly prefers old friends to new acquaintances. The Diaghilev audience (I must call it by his name, for it is his creation) consisted of, or was at any rate dominated by, the "intellectual-smart"—musicians who know all about painting, painters who know all about music, poets who like to be men about town, men about town who like to be poets, up-to-date scholars, antiquarian modernists—all those in fact who, whatever class they may belong to, like to flatter themselves that they at any rate stand outside it. They may not understand themselves, but M. Diaghilev understands them as if he were himself the *maestro* whose immortal hand had framed their sawdust and tinsel anatomies.

Ordinary people like you and me might have thought the Scarlatti ballet a great success. Really it was rather a failure. It was too classical for the Coliseum, and too classical for the other audience as well. The former did not want to discuss it, the latter could not, for it was so perfect as to be indiscreetable. What is the use of a work of art if you cannot discuss it from the point of view of a true Diaghilevite? Supposing it had been a success at the Coliseum—an ordinary manager might have thought that the best thing to do would be to follow it up with a different entertainment that should resemble it as closely as possible. Out of some fifty plays of Goldoni and five hundred and fifty pieces of Scarlatti Signor Tommasini might easily have produced another "Good-Humoured Ladies." But that would have been a very commonplace affair, for Goldoni and Scarlatti are in print and can be read by anybody. So with his unflinching *flair* for the successful thing M. Diaghilev pitched upon Pergolesi.

Pergolesi to the world at large stands for Italy of the eighteenth century, just as Paderewski stands for Poland of to-day. That was why they made him President of the new republic, for he was the one Pole (the author of "Quo Vadis?" being dead) whom the world at large had ever heard of. Pergolesi had a romantic history. It happens to be quite untrue, but then that makes it all the more romantic. His music is practically unknown, and hardly ever performed, but his name iveth eve more. Naples, with unconscious irony, has given his name to a street which has no doors in it. His memory is kept green by one song, "Se tu m'ami," which is about as much like Pergolesi as "Pietà, Signore," is like Stradella. To complete the disguise, it has been edited by Signor Parisotti. Accordingly, "Se tu m'ami" makes the central point of the new ballet.

Pergolesi's own music (he really did compose some) is quite agreeable to sing, but is totally devoid of any qualities that might suggest dancing. But there—Schubert could set a menu to music; M. Massine can design steps to Pergolesi. Besides, there are singers behind the scenes, who at intervals sing airs from his comic operas, and, of course, "Se tu m'ami." How they come to be associated with the story of Pulcinella is not explained; but they sound quite agreeable, which is the main thing. But the dance music presented a difficult problem. It was easy enough to dress up Scarlatti; Scarlatti's music dances by itself. Pergolesi required more ingenuity than that of a mere Tommasini or Respighi. Besides, they too were Italians and scholarly musicians too. They might even have a respect for the style of their old Italian composers. It was a happy thought to entrust the score to M. Stravinsky. There could be no fear of his keeping himself in the background, or of his allowing the old composer to become too tedious. But, alas! Parisottified or Stravinskified, Pergolesi's sentimental helplessness remains for ever a dead weight upon the ballet. Vainly does M. Stravinsky endeavour to enliven him, by making his music sound as if the members of the orchestra had lost their places or were playing their parts upside down. No *valse bougeoise* could be more flabbily inert. So he gives up the task in despair, as well he might, and wriggles off at every opportunity into pure Stravinsky to which one could listen with pleasure, if only there was enough of it.

M. Picasso saves the situation. For me to attempt to criticize his decorations would be an impertinence; I have not yet been forgiven for daring—a mere scribbler on music—to admire his scenery for "The Three-Cornered Hat." But he elucidates "Pulcinella." He demonstrates clearly that up to this moment I have been listening to the ballet through the wrong end of my ear-trumpet. Observe the quintessence of Diaghilevism—"Pulcinella" is not a follower of the "Good-Humoured Ladies," but is merely engaged upon a more elaborate "Parade." Some pedantic historical researcher of the future may endeavour to explain it on the theory that like "The Magic Flute" (Mozart's, not Drigo's) it was conceived as one thing and brought to birth as something quite different. We contemporary observers know better. Mozart was obviously the Stravinsky of his day; M. Diaghilev elucidates at last that mysterious personality Schikaneder.

Start your imagination in *Paradeschritt* and you will understand "Pulcinella." Did you imagine that Erik Satie was a unique natural phenomenon? When Nature had exhausted herself in the production of two poets,

To make a third, she joined the former two.

M. Diaghilev proceeds on more scientific lines, as befits the modern age. Nature produced Satie. The *maestro*, by coupling the eccentricity of Stravinsky with the stupidity of Pergolesi, has created synthetic Satie.

EDWARD J. DENT

CONCERTS

THE famous Flonzaley Quartet have survived the war, and gave a single concert in London on June 4, which made one wish that they could have remained long enough to give a whole series. They represent the perfection of quartet-playing, a perfection so severe that there are few quartets good enough for them to play. Mozart alone came through their trial unscathed. They make no concessions to weaker composers. Smetana's "Aus meinem Leben" has all the failings of a too romantic writer, and they were mercilessly shown up by the rigorous clarity which is the characteristic of the Flonzaley players. They exposed the same weakness, less often but in a more acute degree, in a new quartet by C. M. Loeffler, the first two movements of which promised a higher intellectual standard than the third movement, with its deplorable attempt at realism, was able to perform. In Mozart the quartet was at its best. Clearness and perfection of finish are always essential for the interpretation of Mozart, but it is seldom that a quartet manages to attain the needful delicacy and precision without becoming anemic and emasculate. The Flonzaley Quartet put Mozart, as it were, under a powerful microscope. The relations of his values remained unchanged, but the whole organism was exhibited on an abnormally large scale by virtue of the marvellously beautiful and powerful tone which they produce from their instruments, heightened by the added sonority which comes from the absolute perfection of ensemble and intonation.

IN her pianoforte recital at the Wigmore Hall on June 10, Miss Violet Clarence introduced some new pieces by Mr. à Becket Williams. There was nothing in these to suggest that Mr. à Becket Williams is likely to develop into a good composer. Nor, from the executive standpoint, did this recital ever rise above mediocrity.

MR. GERALD COOPER, who gave a vocal recital at the Æolian Hall on June 11, is a musician of judgment, but unfortunately he is no singer. He lacks both quality and power of tone, he cannot hold his notes, his diction is indistinct. All the good intentions in the world will not compensate for a complete lack of technical equipment. Mr. Lionel Tertis made a welcome reappearance at this concert, and was joined by Mr. R. H. Walthew in a first performance of the latter's new "Serenade Sonata" for piano and viola. The work lacks thematic vitality, but its clarity of style, economy of notes, and general mastery of its medium entitle it to every respect.

MISS MARCIA VAN DRESSER, who has heard the same afternoon at the Wigmore Hall, is a more proficient performer than many we have heard these last few weeks. She has a voice, it is under control, and she usually sings in tune. Her interpretations suffer, none the less, from a want of rhythmic power and flexibility, whilst her sense of musical values is, to say the least of it, erratic. Spohr's "Rose Softly Blooming" can usually be relied on to mark the nadir point of any programme in which it appears. It was, however, the best song in Miss Van Dresser's final group.

THE Newport Choir appeared at Queen's Hall on June 11, when their programme included, amongst other things, the first orchestral performance in London of Vaughan Williams' "Mystical Songs," with Mr. Percy Heming as soloist. To say that the performance was a poor compliment to the composer and the London public is to put it mildly. Mr. Heming's treatment of the solo melody was rigid and lifeless, the orchestral playing suggested in many places that the parts were being read at sight, whilst the conducting was left to the local chorus-master, whose convulsive jerks appeared to indicate extreme nervous tension coupled with complete inexperience of orchestral management. What the rest of the concert was like we cannot say; we did not stop to hear it.

THE BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE will hold an annual celebration on June 25-26. A public meeting will be held at the Haymarket Theatre at 3 p.m. on the first day; and a corporate visit to "The Skin Game" at the St. Martin's Theatre will be paid in the evening. The annual business meeting of the League will be held at the Inns of Court Mission, 44, Drury Lane, on June 26 at 10.30 a.m.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

"LA LÉGENDE DE SAINT-CHRISTOPHE," opera in three acts and eight "tableaux," poem and music by M. Vincent d'Indy, was produced on June 6 at the Opéra. This work, on which the composer had been engaged for twenty years, was finished during the war, but has had to wait until now for its first performance. At the "répétition générale" "La Légende de St.-Christophe" lasted from shortly after seven o'clock until nearly midnight—and this despite the fact that it was considerably "cut." One had supposed that these gigantic entertainments were a peculiarity of ancient Greece, modern Germany and Japan; but who knows if we may not soon be called upon to bring our mattresses to the theatre, and settle down to day-and-night performances with only short intervals for sleep? We hope M. d'Indy's example will not encourage those potential dramatists whose brains are teeming with interminable tragedies; brevity is rather the fashion of the day, and, being a wholesome fashion with much to recommend it, we hope it may endure.

We hasten to add, however, that M. d'Indy's opera, apart from its duration, is not a work to be dismissed in so many words. In the first place it is obviously sincere in every note, and bears ample evidence from beginning to end of the nobility of its composer's intention. The writing is entirely free from vulgarity, and there are passages which border on real beauty; but a certain aridity of style only serves to heighten the monotony which inevitably attaches to the lengthy exposition of an allegory or "morality" play, to which category the "Legend of St. Christopher" really belongs. It is the story of the giant Auferus who has sworn to serve the most powerful King on earth. The Queen of Pleasure, his first mistress, is supplanted by the King of Gold, who buys up her Babylonian palace with all its inmates in the twinkling of an eye. Auferus then enters the service of this King, who is in turn supplanted by the King of Evil. While serving the King of Evil Auferus learns of the existence of a still mightier power, the King of Heaven, whose emblem, the shadow of a cross, reduces the braggart King of Evil to abject impotence. Auferus then searches for the King of Heaven for seven years without success, and finally meets a Hermit who condemns him to ferry travellers across a furious mountain torrent. Then comes the well-known incident of the revelation of the King of Heaven in the person of a little child who is carried on the giant's shoulders and baptizes him "Christopherus" in the middle of the stream. The last scenes deal with the conversion of the Queen of Pleasure, who reappears as the courtesan Nicea, and the martyrdom of St. Christopher.

The scenery has been specially painted by M. Maurice Denis, and while certain sets are happily conceived, there are others which do not escape banality. M. d'Indy was the object of a spontaneous ovation after the orchestral interlude in the second act, the whole audience turning towards the central "loge" which he was occupying and obliging him to bow acknowledgment. The general impression left by the work could not be more happily summed up than in the words of a certain Parisian critic who describes it as a "très beau monument élevé en l'honneur de la science musicale française"—with a slight accent, more implied than expressed, on the word "science." But then M. d'Indy is not head of the "Schola Cantorum" for nothing, and it is well known that the old building in the Rue St. Jacques is the last remaining stronghold of the contrapuntalists.

At the last concert of the S.M.I. de Falla played his "Nuits dans les Jardins de l'Espagne," a delightfully limpid composition; and Darius Milhaud's "Les Soirs de Petrograd" were given for the first time, not without creating a slight hubbub in the hall.

A second hearing (with orchestra) of Erik Satie's "Socrate" (to which we have referred already in this column) confirms and strengthens our admiration for this intensely, but modestly original musical realization of the soul of Plato. It is to be hoped that the author's reputation as a "blagueur" will not prevent this, at all events, from being taken seriously.

R. H. M.

Drama

LAST THOUGHTS ON THE
GUITRY SEASON

ALDWYCH THEATRE.—"Mon Père avait Raison." Pièce en 3 Actes de M. Sacha Guitry.

"**T**U as le don de plaire," says the poet to his "nightingale" in "Jean de la Fontaine," and if there was a looking-glass in the room when M. Sacha Guitry wrote that line he must surely have taken a glance at it. For he has above all things that precious and dangerous "gift of pleasing"—precious because it gives him the right to dare every experiment, dangerous because it tempts him to take every licence. Secure in this gift, he plays with the theatre as with a toy. He writes plays without plots; puts his actors among the audience; now banishes women from the cast, now brings in more women than any one hero has any right to be concerned with; begins his pieces with strange surprises, and sometimes gives them no ending; mixes ancient and modern, and in general pleases everyone by pleasing simply himself. It is only sour critics who murmur that he sometimes chases the butterflies of his fancy too long and too far, is sometimes amused by jokes of a second-rate quality, sometimes shows a taste for collecting a group of old jests and tricks as though they were priceless bric-à-brac. It is only jaundiced critics who have the feeling that in all his pieces, whatever their scene or period, there is but one character really, and that character himself. For in the first place M. Guitry is worth a sackful of ordinary *dramatis personæ*, and in the second place it is good for the stage to be shaken up, however irresponsibly, and in the third place he has really opened up new, fruitful paths. To take one example only, consider his "curtains." He prefers not to end on a climax, but in the heat of a situation. Some absurdity in persons or things is just revealing itself, when the swish of the curtain is heard like a chuckle of malice. The surprise of it drives home the moral with a clap; the absence of emphasis quadruples the irony.

M. Guitry then is a charmer—and a magician. He is a finer *illusioniste* than the one he has written about. He makes a little go such a long way. A little biography suffices for "Pasteur," a little history yields "Jean de la Fontaine," a dash of realism creates the music-hall scenes in "L'Illusioniste," and a spice of philosophy makes "Mon Père avait Raison." There is nothing solid in any of these works, but it takes talent, not trickery, to bring off the illusion. For that reason it is well that the season ended with the last named of these pieces, for there the talent is most obvious and undeniable. It may not be the most brilliantly written, but it is the best acted of all the series. It brings together M. Guitry the elder—in all the depth and reality of his genius, compared with which wizardry is so slight an accomplishment—Mlle. Printemps, with her limited but delicate perfection of style, and the author in his most conscientious vein. Telephone scenes may have been overdone, but there is nothing stale in that wonderful telephone monologue of his that ends the first Act. The drama and tenseness of it are simply amazing. If M. Sacha Guitry has acting like this in reserve, we wish he would take himself seriously more often.

D. L. M.

Two performances of "As You Like It" will be given by the Oxford University Dramatic Society on Saturday, June 19 (at 2.30 and 8.15), and afternoon performances will take place on June 21, 22, and 23. They will be held in the Warden's garden at Wadham College. The production is to be supervised by Mr. Nigel Playfair on the lines of his recent rendering of "As You Like It" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Arne's music will be used for the various songs.

CHARLIE YONG

LYRIC THEATRE.—"East is West." A Comedy in 3 Acts and a Prologue. By Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer.

ONE ought, perhaps, to have lived in San Francisco to understand "East is West" thoroughly, but even to a spectator without any intimate knowledge of the problem presented by the existence of a Chinese colony in the heart of a great Western city, it is an interesting and suggestive play. Of course the melodrama of the little yellow girl, rescued from the human sales of the "Love Boat" in China, who turned out to be all the time a little white girl stolen from missionary parents, and thoroughly fit to marry the kind, young, rich man who had found her a home in 'Frisco, does not demand very serious consideration. We bow to Miss Iris Hoey's charm and cleverness, and that is an end of it. What really is worth consideration is Mr. George Nash's uncommonly fine piece of acting as Charlie Yong, the half-Americanized Chinaman—"fifty-fifty" as he calls himself—who provides the piece with its villain. Much more terrible than Mr. Wu is this chop-suey magnate—with his pigtail coiled grotesquely beneath his top hat, his absurd dude clothes in which he can hardly walk, his cigarette case which he handles as though it might bite him—with all the fatuity, in short, of the half-assimilated barbarian, superposed on the fierceness, the cunning and the ineradicable dignity of the Oriental. There is a whole volume of sociology—and a highly disquieting one it must be to the citizens of the great "Melting Pot"—in the figure of Yong adapting, without too much difficulty, to Western commercial civilization his inbred instincts of the slave-drove and the harem. To see the lightning change by which Charlie's inane smile of satisfaction at his exquisite *bon ton* gives place to the grim mask of one of his country's idols is to read the whole moral of mixing civilizations. Mr. Nash is an actor of great imagination, and he has given us something quite new to ponder over.

D. L. M.

A MAETERLINCK PLAY

THE success, or rather the triumph, of M. Comisarjevsky in his production of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" was not so much positive as incidental. The extreme subtlety and atmospheric aloofness of such a work would be difficult enough to convey at the best of times; but the performance was given in the Æolian Hall, a room which, adapted to stage purposes, becomes precisely what needs to be avoided for even the most conventional romanticism, the *théâtre intime*. The miracle of the Virgin stepping down from her altar and becoming the prototype of the runaway Sister Beatrice is comparatively insignificant against that of an interpretation in which is retained, despite the conditions, the essential quality of Maeterlinck's elusive art.

The feeling which one's reading of his earlier plays evokes is that if they are to be staged at all the audience must only see them acted across a vague distance, as though we too were the watchers outside the window of "The Interior." The spoken word must come to us almost as a sigh, the most vital figures must remain shadowy, every movement a mere suggestion. M. Comisarjevsky's setting was unavoidably definite as realism itself, the players actually walked among us, and there was no doubt at all about the incense.

But, in spite of everything, the performance was beautiful, true, and moving. The producer was assisted in good measure by the acting of Miss Dorothy Massingham as Sister Beatrice, Miss Mary Grey as the Abbess, Mr. Henry Oscar as the Prince, and Mr. Brember Wills as the Priest. The scene between the prince and the nun, heart-torn by conflicting emotions, was especially convincing, although at a later point the tragic intensity of the woman's complete and overwhelming disillusionment was not so adequately conveyed. The high standard of the ensemble work was evidenced in the moment of terror among the nuns. Every aspect of the production gained our admiration, and we hope that further presentations may be given under conditions less unfavourable. T. M.

Correspondence

THE COST OF BOOKS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Referring to the note in the "Literary Gossip" of your last issue, as a printer I appreciate the remarks of the writer as to the printer being the lesser sinner in the whole cost of producing books at the present time. Mr. John Murray has been recently interviewed on this subject, and I fully endorse his experience on this important matter. At the annual meeting of the Authors' Society, a few weeks ago, I endeavoured to make this clear to my fellow-members. Of the three elements that contribute to the making of the complete book, binding charges are proportionately higher than those made for printing, but those made by the paper-maker constitute him an easy first.

Just now further negotiations are pending as to another increase of wages in the printing trade, and the employers, whilst desiring to be sympathetic, have no alternative but to take the last official figures of the Board of Trade as a basis in order to find the present cost of living and other charges, as compared with those of pre-war days; this is still under consideration.

Having regard to the several advances made in both wages and materials since 1914, it is indeed a marvel to myself that publishers can issue books at the prices they do.

If I may freely paraphrase the old proverb, I venture to predict that "of the making of books there is an end" unless the prevailing conditions alter very much. Let our rulers see to this.

CHAS. T. JACOBI.

Chiswick Press,
June 14, 1920.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—It is because we are sure that the publishing trade will be grateful to you for your suggestion made in the "Literary Gossip" column of June 11 that books should be published in paper covers, that we venture to draw your attention to a slight inaccuracy in the paragraph dealing with the subject. You say: "At present librarians, booksellers and publishers are of opinion that the public will not buy unbound books." This, so far as our firm is concerned, is not quite the case. We have no doubt that the public, had they reasonable opportunity, would in a very short while accept the paper-bound volume as readily as that bound in cloth. The opposition arises in the first place from the booksellers, who maintain that paper-bound books spoil on the shelves and consequently increase the proportion of damaged stock; and in the second place from the Circulating Libraries, who argue that paper wrappers would not stand handling by a number of subscribers and that consequently they would themselves be compelled in self-defence to bind the books. The booksellers' objection may or may not be sound, although it appears that the trade in other countries does not find paper wrappers an obstacle to profitable business. The argument of the Circulating Libraries is under present conditions unassailable, but surely it is not out of the question for them to treat English wrapped books as at present they treat French books—that is to say, circulate them in their original paper until binding becomes essential, and then case the torn volumes.

It would be interesting and valuable to hear the opinion of Circulating Library authorities on the whole matter, for it is to the interest of the book trade as well as to that of the public that some means should be found of checking the continual rise in book prices.

We are, Sir, yours, etc.,
CONSTABLE & CO., LTD.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your remarks in your "Literary Gossip" on the increasing cost of books cause me to utter a protest against the charges made by some publishing firms. Why a pamphlet of 127 pages, reviewed in your issue of the 11th inst., should cost six shillings and sixpence requires, I think, some defence. Recently from the Fabian Society I purchased a pamphlet of 86 pages for one shilling. Under the "List of New Books" I note a work of 140 pages, two shillings and sixpence, and

another, 316 pages, six shillings. When first seeing the publisher's announcement for the work "The Ways of Life," I marked this as a book to be read. After your review of this work I all the more desire to become acquainted with it, because the author appears to follow Nietzsche, Dietzgen and Stirner, authors whom I am at present reading; but whether I shall help to encourage such charges I really cannot say.

Yours faithfully,
T. G. KIRKBY.

120, Regent's Park Road,
N.W.1.

ARTISTS AND MEN OF GENIUS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—May I direct your attention to a striking contradiction in the views expressed by two of your contributors in the last number of THE ATHENÆUM? On the one hand, in your leading article the writer protests against the criticism that "Dickens was not an artist"; on the other hand, the writer of the review entitled "The Old Comedy" declares that "England has produced a prodigious number of men of genius and comparatively few works of art."

It appears to me that these sentences, if not themselves diametrically opposed, imply views of art that are. I can hear (in fancy) the writer of the former article saying to the writer of the latter: "Bother your works of art; give me the men of genius."

To discuss these implications at all exhaustively would be impossible in a letter; I will be as brief as I can. Apparently T. S. E. considers a work of art that into which the artist "decants himself drop by drop," in Remy de Gourmont's phrase. I take it that this may be paraphrased as "a complete and precise expression of personality." I am not quite clear concerning M.'s conception. He appears to lay great stress on creative power, and I should deduce that if he accepted T. S. E.'s definition, he would make very great reservations concerning the nature of the personality expressed.

I do not wish to oppress M.'s phrases with a greater load of implication than they will bear; but I think that the underlying opposition could be fairly stated in these terms. T. S. E. is indifferent as to what is expressed, provided the expression be complete and precise, whereas M. hints that the point to which criticism should apply itself is the nature of that which is expressed.

For my own part, I am only too anxious to learn. I love to hear great argument on these matters; and I cherish a hope that one day I shall go out by a different door from that by which I went in. I am far from suggesting that it would be a good thing if the critical approach of your various contributors were to be made uniform. But there may be others than myself who look to THE ATHENÆUM for what I can only call a new critical discipline, of which they are vouchsafed only glimpses and snatches; and who share my feeling that the views of T. S. E. and M., for instance, may be capable of reconciliation—that T. S. E. implies more than he actually means, and that M. is not yet quite clear about the nature of the art which he instinctively rejects.

To put it in a nutshell. I feel that T. S. E. deplors the fact that Dickens was not an artist, but (perhaps) a man of genius; while M. thanks God for it. M.'s method of thanking God is curious. He goes on to declare that "Dickens was, precisely, one of the greatest artists England or the world has ever produced." In other words, for M. an artist is a man who is not an artist according to T. S. E. What would they say to each other or to us about Shakespeare? T. S. E. claims him as "a decanter of personality"; whereas M., I feel sure, would regard him as a super-Dickens. Am I wrong?

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM H. POLACK.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Dent in his criticism of "The Beggar's Opera" in THE ATHENÆUM of last week attributes to me a subtlety of humour that I must hasten to disclaim. He remarks that "Mr. Fraser's scenery and costumes are an amusing skit on those of Mr. Norman Wilkinson and Mr. Hugo Rumbold." Now, the artist in the theatre is too rare a bird to stand much shooting, and I respect the work of the men

in question too much to wish to be thought poking fun at either of them. In designing the piece no such idea entered my head, and I can only regret that my work should have created this impression on Mr. Dent.

Yours faithfully,

C. LOVAT FRASER.

23, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.10,
June 12, 1920.

KNUT HAMSON

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In the review of Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" in last week's ATHENÆUM, K.M. states that it is the second of his books to be translated into English. It is, in fact, the third, "Hunger" ("Sult") having been translated by "Geo. Egerton," and published by Smithers in 1899.

Faithfully yours,

E. L. ALLHUSEN.

Monkstown, co. Cork,
June 13, 1920.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Cutting's suggestion that in his late sonatas Beethoven was an innovator whose methods have since become acceptable to modern ears is unfounded. That the works are accepted is, of course, obvious—they are familiar material even to the youth of our academies—but that they are more "advanced" than the earlier works, in any direction whatever, is a fallacy. No new ground is broken, harmonic, melodic, or in the matter of form. There is merely a superfluity of introspective ideas which, in their struggle for expression, deform the structure and lead in many places to incoherence. The remark about "only hearing" the works is somewhat beside the point.

If the space can be spared I should very much like to refer to the letter from M. Mégroz of May 30. It raises a point of extreme interest which is very a propos to my letter in the same issue (June 4), e.g., his doubt as to whether Beethoven's music is lyrical (subjective) or objective.

The fact is, of course, that up to the time of his greatest development it is, like Bach's, purely objective; and at that time he attains a creative power that even transcends that of Bach. But later he fell a prey to that most insidious of diseases that can corrupt a creative artist—some fall in their youth, others at the time of their failing powers—perpetuated by Wagner (as exhaustively analysed by Nietzsche), and the heritage and curse from which all modern music suffers, introspection—the eye turned inward. Bach alone shines out unsullied—may he return soon (armed with a modern harmonic equipment!) and save us!

Yours sincerely,

H. C.

June 12, 1920.

MR. WALTER BAYES AND THE ACADEMY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Surely the "unknown and imprudent Academician" was impertinent all round!

He stood in the centre of an exhibition consisting of one thousand four hundred and seventy-six *pastiches* of various decaying traditions, and pointing to a design which at first glance a visitor might be pardoned for mistaking for a poster for a cinema theatre—you asked for it, Mr. Bayes, in your scholarly, ingenious and painstaking letter—he said: "See what up-to-date and daring fellows we are! Our one thousand four hundred and seventy-seventh picture is all purple and green!"

Is this not impertinent (a) to the public, who are evidently assumed to be ignorant of modern art; (b) to other exhibiting societies which attempt to represent the multifarious facets of contemporary progressive endeavour; (c) to Mr. Bayes himself, who, oddly enough, appears to like it?

Yours truly,

R. H. W.

Foreign Literature

THEODOR FONTANE

THEODOR FONTANE: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Kenneth Hayens. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE centenary of the birth of Theodor Fontane, which was celebrated last year in Germany with much enthusiasm, might have seemed a favourable opportunity for the production of an account in English of the novelist's life and works. Such a volume, in fact, would have been deserving of a hearty welcome. It is not only that Fontane paid repeated visits to England, lived for certain portions of his life in London and in Scotland, read and imitated our ballad-literature, and, finally, criticized our institutions and manners with insight, if not always with kindness—we recall that extracts from certain of his chapters on England were reprinted and issued as anti-British propaganda during the war. There are weightier reasons than these. Fontane is a writer who is thoroughly worth reading and understanding for his own sake; in certain respects he is the key to modern German fiction.

In treating such a writer, eminent, important, yet not familiar to the average British cultivated reader, it is essential that the critic should form a clear idea of the method he proposes to pursue. He may be popular in the best sense, expounding the writer's works in their order, stimulating a desire to read them by a description of their contents, the circumstances of their composition, the chief features of their style and the influences brought to bear on it. The alternative, more scientific, is to provide a critical apparatus for the detailed examination of each work—not so much as an individual work of art as material for systematic critical study. This latter method would be useful to the student of literature; it might also attract the general reader. At all events, it is quite a possible method of treating a foreign author for the enlightenment of the educated British public.

Mr. Kenneth Hayens, in this critical study, appears to have fallen between the two. He classifies Fontane's work, it is true, and no serious exception can be taken to his plan:

The Historical Novelist: "Vor dem Sturm"; "Schach von Wuthenow."

The Story-Teller: "Grete Minee"; "Ellernklipp"; "Unterm Birnbaum."

The New World: "Quitt."

Berlin Plutocracy: "L'Adultera"; "Frau Jenny Treibel."

Unequal Marriages: "Unwiederbringlich"; "Efi Briest."

Sentiment and Society: "Irrungen, Wirrungen"; "Stine."

Poor Nobility: "Die Poggenpuhls."

A Liberal Conservative: "Der Stechlin."

There is also given—as would be given by our "popular" critic—an outline of the plot of each novel. To these outlines, also, no serious objection can be raised—although they are, like the rest of the book, often confused and written in a curiously un-English, ungrammatical and irritating style. Leaving these aside, however, we find an appeal to the heavy critical method so much indulged in by Continental critics of a certain school. One would expect, to take only one example, that the symbolic introduction of Tintoretto's picture into the novel "L'Adultera" would have been mentioned earlier and interpreted. One must presume that Mr. Hayens knows his subject too well and in far too great detail to be a sympathetic intermediary between Fontane and the reader. He is the botanist with the magnifying-glass when one really requires the man of imagination. He has drawn up a formula for novel-writing into which, one after another, he attempts to fit Fontane's works—until we are heartily tired of hearing that the "speech"

is excellent, or in correct proportion to the action; that there is little "extraneous" matter, and that even in a certain novel "servants are negligible, and children wanting"; or that there is a plentiful (or the reverse) use of the rhetorical question, or of asterisks to mark divisions between chapters—as if such details really mattered to the man who wished to appreciate Fontane's great gifts as a historical novelist and the way in which he, an artist of genuine originality, acclimatized French realism in German literature. The man who cares for the essential points of critical appreciation would not bother his head much, if at all, with the question whether chapter-headings were present or absent, or what was the proportion of foreign to native words. It would be easy to raise a laugh by quoting examples of Mr. Hayens's minute care for details to the neglect of the broader aspect of Fontane's genius.

Mr. Hayens, in fact, with—we will gladly recognize—much literary piety and the best intentions in the world, has made of Fontane a thoroughly dull writer. An insufficient command of English and a dry-as-dust critical method have combined to obscure the shining talent of one of Germany's modern masters of prose-fiction. Mr. Hayens's aim is so good that we heartily wish his achievement had been better.

In the short bibliographical preface, by the way, room might have been found for J. Dresch's "Roman social en Allemagne: 1850-1900."

DISSIPATED NOBILITY

ALCESTE. Par André Gybal. (Paris, Ollendorff. 5fr.)

A COMPANY of æsthetes headed by an individualist philosopher is rudely disturbed from platonic discussions on a remote island by the news that the European war has been unchained and has claimed Jaurès for its first victim. One by one the disputants are dragged into the maelstrom. The philosopher (presumably unfit or over military age) is left alone to soliloquize on the cultivation of the ego, the uselessness of applied science and the advantages of detached contemplation. In the end a spirit message from a departed disciple breaks in upon his calm, cures him of individualism, and drives him back into the world with a not very precisely defined educational mission.

Such, if we read it rightly, is the main content of M. André Gybal's book, which, though tedious, diffuse, preteritious, and in some places absurd, is the fruit of a spirit of indignant revolt characteristic of the youth of our day. As a contribution to thought "Alceste" is negligible, but the impulse behind it is streaked with nobility. If only the reaction from the war, the widespread and genuine bitterness could be organized for construction—could be recruited, for example, into an army of stalwarts determined to make the League of Nations a living force in international politics—we might find ourselves a step further on the painful path of progress, and be spared, incidentally, such pathetic outbursts as "Alceste," where youthful enthusiasm is dissipated in chaotic protest.

W.

VERLAINE COMMEMORATION DAY IN PARIS

On Sunday morning, May 30, a meeting of the Verlaine Society was held in the Luxembourg Gardens in front of the poet's statue. This interesting little ceremony, the observance of which had been interrupted by the war, is once more to become an annual fixture, and will take place each year on the last Sunday in May.

Standing on the grass, under the green trees and against a background of trailing roses and tall foxgloves, which surround the statue, actors and actresses from the Odéon and elsewhere recited some selections from the poet's works, which were attentively listened to by the quiet audience informally assembled. This form of homage to the memory of a great poet, at once simple and sincere, is more eloquent than any sculptured monument, and no tribute to literature could be more gracefully paid.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SOUTH

QUESTIONE MERIDIONALE E RIFORMA TRIBUTARIA. By Giustino Fortunato. (Rome, La Voce. 5 lire.)
LE PRIME LETTERE MERIDIONALI. By Pasquale Villari. (Rome, La Voce. 3 lire.)

THE South has had to wait long even for a recognition of its grievances, but thanks to the efforts of a number of loyal and able Southerners, Signor Nitti and Signor Salvemini, the editor of *L'Unità*, among them, it looks as if the time for actual relief were fast approaching. For many years it was believed that the South was a rich country, more prosperous and fertile than the North. But upon this dream, as upon not a few others in recent years, geography with its attendant maidens keeps on breaking in; and Signor Fortunato's little book, based on an exhaustive study of the subject and equipped with a good up-to-date bibliography, helps to shatter it for ever. The difference in the "two Italies," which meet in the neighbourhood of Rome and the Tiber, is amply reflected in their history. The vigorous communal life of the North was its most prominent characteristic through all its vicissitudes, whereas the South has always been monarchical and feudal.

Nor could the South ever have been rich. The soil is poor as a whole. The civilization of Magna Græcia was a hectic, unnatural growth that was bound to wither early, and its decay is often ascribed to malaria, a scourge which still makes large tracts of the plains altogether uninhabitable, the peasants returning to the mountains at night. The mountains have long been stripped of their woods, but the reafforesting of them would not greatly increase the wealth of the country, though it might improve its health conditions and do something towards turning the roaring torrents into regular streams. The rainfall is very irregular. In addition, there are the earthquakes and the volcanic eruptions. Communications are still bad, though they have been improved by motor services.

To unite such a country with the North was like putting an earthenware jug to travel with an iron pot, and Signor Fortunato will not even allow Signor Nitti's contention that the South was really more prosperous than the North in 1860, at the time of the union. The taxes were few, but they were heavy, and the amount of specie in the country was by no means a sign of wealth. These letters of Pasquale Villari certainly help to make clear the difficulties of the transition period. The officials sent from the North had no knowledge of the people with whom they had to deal. They regarded them with suspicion, not unmixed with fear, while intrigues were endless. Considering the amazing ignorance of the South that prevailed, it is not surprising that mistakes were made. But at least these letters bear witness to the great material progress of recent years.

The taxation of the South since the union is now universally admitted to have been excessive. The only question in dispute is the exact amount that would be a fair contribution. In any case, it is only by slow degrees that the South will be able to recover the ground lost during the last half-century or so. One thing is certain, and that is that the continuance of the present heavy protective tariff in favour of the industrial North would be a grave injustice to these agricultural regions. Given the high rate of mortgages and the unfertility of the soil, combined with the small margin of profit, it will certainly be difficult to attract capital to the South. Signor Fortunato, who supports his contention with elaborate statistics, insists that there is not one of the four great taxes upon which Italy largely relies for her revenue that does not weigh disproportionately heavily on the southern provinces of the kingdom, among which he, of course, includes the islands.

L. C.-M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS

III. A FEW BELATED REFLECTIONS ON THE COMMEMORATION OF SAINTE-BEUVE'S DEATH.*

IN Amiel's Journal for October, 1869, one finds several entries on the death of Sainte-Beuve, which occurred on the 13th of that month. Better perhaps than any other statement, on account precisely of their informal character (though, when his faculty of judgment is challenged, Amiel's style in the Journal reaches the utmost nicety: Matthew Arnold rightly observed that "Amiel's true vocation was that of a literary critic"), these entries preserve for us the enlightened contemporary feeling; even then there was a foreboding that the death of Sainte-Beuve marked the end of an era.

19 Octobre, 1869. Bel article d'Edmond Scherer sur Sainte-Beuve dans le *Temps*. Il en fait le prince des critiques français et le dernier représentant de l'époque du goût littéraire, l'avenir étant aux faiseurs et aux hâbleurs, à la médiocrité et à la violence. L'article respire une certaine mélancolie virile, qui sied dans la nécrologie d'un maître des choses de l'esprit.

Fifty years had elapsed last October since these lines were written, and the commemoration of the date went far to establish that by now Scherer's prediction had indeed become a fact. If we except Paul Bourget, always to be read and pondered whenever he writes of one of his great elders; Daniel Halévy, who has inherited something both of Sainte-Beuve's intellectual grace and of his occasional disconcerting hesitations; Albert Thibaudet, the indefatigable free-lance of contemporary criticism, to be met on every threatened position; and the one opponent to whom we shall revert presently, Marcel Proust—it was only too evident that nobody, and least of all the critics by profession, had the slightest idea what the name of Sainte-Beuve stood for, nor what the simple mention of it conveys to the truly literary mind.

The case is curious, but it is also, in a measure, pathetic. Here is a man who, more perhaps than any writer of equal importance, entertained a genuine regard for the general public, and who so contrives that his work, instead of being thereby damaged, acquires mostly an enhanced value—who takes it as the highest calling of the critic to act the part of an honest and careful interpreter between the writer and the public, and *vice versa*; to this task he devotes the last twenty years of his splendid maturity, and the ultimate result of his effort seems to be that the most comprehensive and the most lucid body of European criticism in existence remains practically unread by the very persons for whom it was primarily intended. Sainte-Beuve, who should be the daily food of all aspirants to knowledge and culture, is neglected for writers whom those aspirants are as yet unable to assimilate or even to understand, with the consequence that he has fallen to the lot of the few who might perhaps more easily dispense with him, but who have far too much respect for his memory to be ever tempted to do so.

And yet there is a point where Sainte-Beuve's achievement presents a vulnerable front. The point lies near at hand, and could not escape the notice of any attentive reader, but it required a certain amount of delving to get at the root of the matter, and though no doubt some of us had privately formed their conclusions, they were only recently brought to light. It sometimes happens that when we take up one of the "Lundis" (especially, as is frequently pointed out, when Sainte-Beuve writes of a contemporary—but not only then) we undergo a double impression: we agree in detail with almost everything that Sainte-Beuve says, we respond to the delicate accuracy of each new stroke of the painter's brush, but when the literary portrait—which always seems in the process of growing gradually before our eyes—is completed, in the very measure in which we endorse the judgment it conveys do we become unable to grasp how the man of whom such a judgment is true can be the same as he who created the works that yet are there. We are in possession of two contradictory and apparently irreconcilable truths, and Sainte-Beuve most distinctly leaves us with the contradiction on our hands. Incomparable in his treatment, not only of the surfaces, but of all those depths that can be reached through the surfaces, there is yet a thing that Sainte-Beuve

never does, and not without serious reasons; for it is always a tentative, a precarious venture—he never starts, so to speak, from behind—I mean from that central image which hovers before the mind like a luminous mist, and in its dealings with which the mind is thrown entirely upon its own resources; the mind may feel sure that the image is a genuine one; still it is an image that is taken on trust, and to effect its capture the mind is obliged to rely on the validity and the fineness of its own powers of perception.

Now it will remain to the credit of Marcel Proust that, of the contradiction in which Sainte-Beuve's criticism here lands us, he was the first to provide the true explanation. In the preface that he wrote for Jacques - Emile Blanche's "Première Série" of "Propos de Peintre: de David à Degas," alluding to certain points of similarity between the critical attitude of Sainte-Beuve and that of Jacques Blanche, he goes to the core of the matter in the following sentence:

Le défaut de Jacques Blanche critique, comme de Sainte-Beuve c'est de refaire l'inverse du trajet qu'accomplit l'artiste pour se réaliser, c'est d'expliquer le Fantin ou le Manet véritables, celui que l'on ne trouve que dans leur œuvre, à l'aide de l'homme périssable, pareil à ses contemporains, pétri de défauts, auquel une âme originale était enchaînée, et contre lequel elle protestait, dont elle essayait de se séparer, de se délivrer par le travail.

And a few pages further on—touching upon a problem for which I have no space here, but which more than any other deserves, and would abundantly repay, a thorough investigation, because it underlies all the difficulties inherent to the producing of valuable criticism—M. Proust adds:

Ainsi le point de vue auquel se placent trop souvent Sainte-Beuve et quelquefois Jacques Blanche n'est pas le véritable point de vue de l'Art. Mais c'est celui de l'Histoire. Et là est son grand intérêt.

But few indeed are those who apprehend the true point of view of Art, and who, having apprehended it, are not by it led astray. To rear upon that basis a stately palace of critical appreciation implies a distillation of the very finest essence of creative genius: Walter Pater throughout his work—what judgment on Watteau can ever compete with the last sentence of "A Prince of Court Painters"?—the Henry James of "Notes on Novelists," the Baudelaire of "L'Art Romantique," Marcel Proust himself, in the introductions to his translations from Ruskin: such are some of the rare names that rise to my memory in this connection. The ground is unsafe to tread upon; and when one considers that in Sainte-Beuve the creative faculty does not seem to pre-exist, but always needs some kind of critical incentive—be it the incentive of religious curiosity, as in "Port Royal," or a veiled, autobiographical one, as in "Volupté"—to be called into play—when one takes into account the superb, varied crops which he made his chosen ground of history yield, there is no place left for any regret.

All the less so that it was owing to the ever-increasing preponderance in his later years of the point of view of History that Sainte-Beuve achieved what will remain his foremost title to glory, and what ought to assure him a permanent claim on the gratitude of all future generations—I refer to the salvage which he effected at the right moment of an enormous amount of valuable French work which, but for his intervention, would have already sunk or would lie buried in inaccessible corners or in ponderous unreadable "travaux d'érudition." In every literature the "di majores" can be trusted to take care of themselves, but the "minores" always run great risks, and Sainte-Beuve—who professed for them the discriminating tenderness of a cultivated and equitable mind, and who is always so obtusely taken to task on the subject by the latest stilted pedant—has secured and carefully adorned for each of the "minores" a niche in his own works which provides them with just that measure of immortality to which they are entitled. It is far too imperfectly realized that we still visualize the greatest bulk of French literature—say until 1820—in the terms and with the values established by Sainte-Beuve more than fifty years ago: in his appraisal of individual men of genius we may find that he occasionally falls short, but in his delineation of all the nuances of that French genius, of which to-day we hear so much and yet so little—as manifested in innumerable and delightful personalities—Sainte-Beuve stands absolutely alone. A passage from a letter to M. de Lescure, written on April 30, 1864—between

* Letter I. appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for April 9, and Letter II. on May 7.

two "Nouveaux Lundis"—will suffice to remind us of the price he had to pay for the result:

J'en veux un peu (je vous l'avoue bien bas), non pas au public, dont je n'ai en général qu'à me louer, mais à notre société telle qu'elle est, de ce qu'un homme qui travaille et qui imprime depuis quarante ans (c'est le chiffre exact), s'est vu condamné à continuer indéfiniment, sans que personne s'avise qu'il fait chaque semaine un tour de force, et que, tout en s'y amusant parfois lui-même tout le premier, il court risque un beau jour de s'y casser un nerf. Le physique est tout, même dans l'esprit, et mon physique chaque semaine est horriblement tendu. Je descends au fond d'un puits chaque mardi matin pour n'en ressortir que le vendredi soir, je ne sais trop à quelle heure.

CHARLES DU BOS.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

Williams (Reginald G.). A MANUAL OF BOOK SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARIAN AND BOOK-LOVER. Grafton, 1920. 10½ in. 134 pp. apps., 8/6 n. 025.21

Though "this humble effort" should be treated indulgently, we must confess to disappointment. Mr. Williams has a good deal to learn about book selection, and shows inability to distinguish a good guide-book to the choice of books from a bad one, or to judge between books themselves. Many of the guides he mentions are worthless; the superior guides are unmentioned. The British Museum has on the open shelves some four works containing bibliographies to philology: these are not included in Mr. Williams's short list, which cites Nelson's "Standard Books" and Sonnenschein's "Best Books"—both of which should be under "General Guides"—and two other works of no authority.

H is literary taste may be gauged from his putting Grace Aguilar at the head of, and Henry Cockton among, the "classic" novelists, and William de Morgan, Miss E. C. Somerville, and George Moore in the third and lowest grade. He has misspelt Miss Somerville's Christian name, and knighted Mr. Kipling.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Gybal (André). ALCESTE. Paris, Ollendorff [1920]. 7½ in. 264 pp. paper, 5fr. 172.4
See notice, p. 812.

Macpherson (William). THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSUASION. Methuen [1920]. 8 in. 256 pp. index, 6/ n. 168

"The intellectual, emotional, and imaginative factors of persuasion work together," but the first is inferior in strength and effect to the second, as the author shows. He studies and distinguishes between the three and their subvarieties, illustrating his analysis with such modern instances as the art of camouflage, group pressure and suggestion, methods of exploitation in advertisement and elsewhere, gesture, the cinematograph, the novel and the drama. It is an excellent popular treatment of the whole subject. "That the non-rational is not necessarily the irrational" is one of many well-put truths in the book.

Paine (William). A NEW ARISTOCRACY OF COMRADESHIP. Leonard Parsons [1920]. 7½ in. 191 pp. notes, 4/6 n. 177.5

The war has given the opportunity, and the breakdown of old systems the justification, for Mr. Paine's new aristocracy. The people must at once go back to the land. This is as easily done as said, he thinks. The children of the old aristocracy must invite the whole working-class school population next summer to camp out with them in their

parks and pleasure-grounds; and they must do it next year and so on. Mr. Paine's economics are rather simple, and the industrial system is not to be so easily disposed of for a better and more primitive mode of life as he thinks; but his views on class prejudice and pretentiousness are healthy, if a little vague.

200 RELIGION.

Peck (W. G.). FROM CHAOS TO CATHOLICISM. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 7½ in. 252 pp. index, 8/6 n. 280
See review, p. 794.

Warren (E. P.). ALCMÆON: HYPERMNESTRA: CÆNEUS. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 8 in. 110 pp. boards, 4/6 n. 292

Greek stories in an English dress. The legends are freely handled, and archaeological or topographical exactitude is not attempted by the author, whose treatment of the interesting themes he has chosen is adequate and satisfying.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Berriman (A. E.), Heath (St. George), and others. INDUSTRIAL ADMINISTRATION: a series of lectures ("Publications of the University of Manchester," 131). Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 1920. 9 in. 211 pp. index, 7/6 n. 331

Mr. Rowntree's "Social Obligations of Industry to Labour" (a lecture given on November 12, 1918) has the first place in the volume. Other notable discourses are those delivered by Mr. T. H. Pear ("The Applications of Psychology to Industry"), Dr. T. M. Legge ("Occupational Diseases"), and Dr. A. F. Stanley Kent ("Industrial Fatigue"). All the lectures are by recognized authorities, and are weighty utterances on the subjects concerned.

***Inge (W. R.).** THE IDEA OF PROGRESS ("Romanes Lecture, 1920"). Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. 9 in. 34 pp. paper, 2/ n. 301
See review, p. 791.

Mansbridge (Albert). AN ADVENTURE IN WORKING-CLASS EDUCATION: being the story of the Workers' Educational Association, 1903-15. Longmans, 1920. 8½ in. 93 pp. pors. apps., 6/ n. 374.6

One might call this the autobiography of the "W.E.A.," the birth and growth of that vigorous society being identified over such a long period of years with Mr. Mansbridge. "Education and knowledge must not be confused," he insists, and the work of the "W.E.A." has never confused them; rather, in the seminar method adopted by its tutorial classes, it has taught some wholesome lessons to all intelligent educators, and done as much as any movement to elevate the mental life of the people.

Webb (Sidney and Beatrice). THE HISTORY OF TRADE UNIONISM. Revised edition, extended to 1920. Longmans, 1920. 8½ in. 802 pp. index, 21/ n. 331.88
See review last week, p. 762.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

McCabe (Joseph). THE END OF THE WORLD. Routledge, 1920. 8 in. 275 pp. il. index, 6/ n. 523.1
See review, p. 804.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Davies (C. J.). GOAT-KEEPING FOR MILK PRODUCTION (The "Country Life" Library). "Country Life," 1920. 9 in. 219 pp., 10/6 n. 636.39

The high cost of dairy produce and the reduced purchasing power of money have helped to develop goat-keeping in this country from a pastime or hobby into a practical business proposition. Mr. Davies's book should be of very considerable service to persons who intend to labour in, and expend money upon, this promising field of activity.

Frederick (Mrs. Christine). SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT IN THE HOME: HOUSEHOLD ENGINEERING. Routledge, 1920. 8½ in. 527 pp. il. bibliog. index, 12/6 n. 643

A more rational arrangement of the housewife's work; sensible planning of kitchens, so that muscular energy may not be wasted; and a widely-extended use of labour-saving devices, are becoming more and more urgently necessary in these nerve-racking times. Mrs. Frederick writes upon

such topics clearly, and with expert knowledge. The methods and appliances described are for the most part American; the end in view is that home-keepers, their families, and the nation, should be developed to the "fullest power and vantage ground in health, happiness and true prosperity." We are sure that the book will be helpful.

700 FINE ARTS.

***Bell (Edward).** HELLENIC ARCHITECTURE: ITS GENESIS AND GROWTH ("The Origins of Architecture"). Bell, 1920. 8 in. 205 pp. map, il. diag. ind., 7/6 n. 722.8

Studying the most modern critical histories of architecture together with the latest results of research in the Ægean area and elsewhere, Mr. Bell has shown the paternal relations of Minoan and Mycenaean building, brought out the complex influences of Egypt, and rendered clear the main lines of architectural history in Greece.

Lewis (C. T. Courtney). THE BAXTER BOOK, 1919. Sampson Low [1919]. 6½ in. 245 pp. il. bibliog. index, 10/6 n. 761

Those who indulge in the hobby of collecting Baxter or Le Blond prints will find this a useful vade-mecum. It is a sort of epitome of the author's "Picture Printer," and at the same time a supplement thereto, the most valuable item being a catalogue of all known colour prints by Baxter, with prices and other particulars.

800 LITERATURE.

Bernbaum (Ernest). THE MARY CARLETON NARRATIVES, 1663-73: a missing chapter in the history of the English novel. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), 1920. 9 in. 106 pp., 5/6 n. 823.09

See review, p. 793.

Fontane (Theodor).

Hayens (Kenneth). THEODOR FONTANE: a critical study. Collins [1920]. 8 in. 290 pp. index, 7/6 n. 831.8

See review, p. 811.

POETRY.

Pim (Herbert Moore). SONGS FROM AN ULSTER VALLEY. Grant Richards, 1920. 8 in. 96 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

There is a good deal of genuine poetry in Mr. Pim's volume, and some of the sonnets especially are the work of a writer whose vision has the full advantage of technical competence.

Could I redeem one moment with a rhyme
Or make this web of sense perpetuate,

is a characteristic opening; and there is no example in the sonnet-section of the book that does not hold some equally dignified and musical passage. Had the sections headed "Poems" and "Miscellaneous Pieces" been as carefully ordered, there would have been little in Mr. Pim's work to detract from our first impression of poetic consistency and unerring judgment.

Powell (Charles). THE POETS IN THE NURSERY. With an introduction by John Drinkwater. Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 80 pp., 5/ n. 821.9

Imitations of the style of Swinburne, Rossetti, the Brownings, Kipling, Poe, Whitman, Fitzgerald's Omar, &c., rather than parodies of the satirical order.

FICTION.

The Diary of a U-Boat Commander. With an introduction and explanatory notes by Etienne. Hutchinson [1920]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 8/6 n.

Numerous details of the internal organization and management of a submarine are introduced into this narrative, which purports to be a record kept by a German naval lieutenant named Karl von Schenk. Karl describes some of his voyages, adventures, and narrow escapes during the war. He falls deeply in love with a Polish girl, who for the sake of her country has become a spy on the side of the Allies. She pays the penalty; and Karl, though acquitted of treachery to Germany, is superseded and virtually disgraced, shortly before the surrender of the German fleet. Mr. Frank H. Mason's illustrations enhance the interest of the book.

Dinnis (Enid). MR. COLEMAN, GENT: a romance. Sands [1920]. 7½ in. 354 pp., 7/ n.

Probably there will always be different opinions in reference to the character of Edward Coleman, the secretary of the

Duchess of York, who was executed at Tyburn for complicity in the alleged "Popish Plot" during the reign of the Merry Monarch. But it was only the tainted evidence of the ruffians Oates and Bedloe which accused Coleman of complicity in an assassination conspiracy; and the charitable view generally prevails that Coleman was a well-meaning and unfortunate zealot. The task which the author of this story set herself, of presenting a picture of Coleman's complex personality, was difficult; and upon the whole it has been accomplished satisfactorily. Miss Dinnis's portrayal of Coleman, who was only one among Oates's many victims, is, generally speaking, sympathetic. The novel is worth reading. It should appeal especially to Roman Catholics.

Fitzgerald (Eileen). JANE HOBBS. Long [1920]. 8 in. 320 pp. 7/ n.

Jane Hobbs is the daughter of a retired butler. Her face is divine, and procures her matrimonial promotion to the rank of her father's employers. But her accent is of Whitechapel, and the disgust with which this inspires her mother-in-law reacts unfavourably on Jane's relations with her own children as they grow to maturity. Determined to win her young people's respect by some really up-to-date accomplishment, she takes lessons in Auction at an establishment presided over by a shady ex-major, and one day electrifies both sons and daughters by making four No Trumps on an indifferent hand. Henceforth, she becomes her family's guide, philosopher and friend in all their difficulties, which are sometimes of a very grave kind. A bright and rather original story.

Guise (Stanley). THE ABSURD ADVENTURE ("Collins Fiction Library"). Collins, 1920. 8 in. 300 pp., 6/ n.

Miss Stance Coleridge bequeaths her fortune to her nephew, a young doctor in a small country town, on condition that he will accept the guidance of some man with high ambitions and a definite theory of life, the mentor to be chosen by a member of the Spiritualist Research Society. The choice falls on an old Army friend, and the scene changes to London. The doctor's adventures afford the author scope for well-written descriptions of theatrical and literary life, this part of the story being much graver than the amusing and semi-farical opening.

***Gunnarsson (Gunnar).** THE SWORN BROTHERS: a tale of the early days of Iceland. Gyldendal [1920]. 7½ in. 315 pp., 7/ n. 839.836

This story of Norwegian vikings and their colonization of Iceland resembles Mr. Hewlett's "Gudrid the Fair" in atmosphere and in charm. We are not stinted of fighting or adventure, but our interest is less in these things than in the domestic side of an existence so different from our own, and the artistic setting which nature in those Northern latitudes provides. The cult of Odin and Thor, with its accompaniment of animal and sometimes human sacrifice, is vividly described. As a contrast we have an engaging sketch of an Irish monk, or rather solitary, who endeavours, unsuccessfully, to make a Christian of the hero.

The Happy Years. Murray & Evenden [1920]. 7½ in. 251 pp. 3/6 n.

Written fifteen years ago, this is the much-idealized picture of a happy, broad-minded woman, who believes that to be happy oneself is the most effective contribution to the happiness of others, and of her husband, home, and family. Not much happens, but a simple, pre-war book like this is refreshing nowadays.

Lovich (Vera). PASSION'S QUEST. Selwyn & Blount, 1920. 7½ in. 288 pp., 7/6 n.

A fluently written, but aimless and quite unoriginal study of a married lady with a "temperament," who finds her soul's mate in a masterful lover of the type dear to women novelists sixty years ago. The superfluous husband, a gentleman to the last, departs this life without suspecting his wife's infidelity, and the situation is duly legalized.

Macdonald (Greville). THE NORTH DOOR. Constable, 1920. 7½ in. 351 pp. app., 7/6 n.

In this attempt to reproduce the life of a Cornish parish during the first decade of the nineteenth century some faults of construction are redeemed by much charm and sincerity. The saintly mystic, its hero, belongs to a type which is of every age; but with the blue-stockings lady of his adoration

and her hard-riding, hard-drinking husband and better disposed sons, Mr. Macdonald has, we think, been remarkably successful in catching the tone of certain social circles at that period. There are some vivid smuggling adventures, and a terrible, but, we fear, unexaggerated study of child labour at a time when conditions were even worse than those described by Disraeli in the forties. It is surely an anachronism to represent the family chaplain (and tutor) as deprived of all participation in tart or pudding.

Marsh (Richard). APRON-STRINGS. Long [1920]. 8 in. 254 pp., 7/ n.

The untoward results of attempting to shield a young man from knowledge of the world's naughtinesses are deftly pictured in this bright story of a rich and youthful baronet, whose fond but silly mother has brought him up in such sheltered seclusion that when dining for the first time with a bachelor friend he is more valorous than discreet in his choice of drinks, and loses two thousand pounds at poker. He also rashly promises marriage to a chorus-girl, and finds himself in a jungle of difficulties. Mr. Marsh's books are usually highly readable, and the present story is no exception to the rule.

Mundy (Talbot). THE IVORY TRAIL. Constable, 1920. 7½ in. 411 pp., 7/6 n.

A thrilling tale of African adventure, in which natives, lions, British-American explorers and German officials sustain their parts with equal spirit. Its motif is the quest (attended by international complications) for a semi-legendary hoard of ivory, secreted in some unknown and peculiarly unattainable locality. There is (mercifully) no love-interest, the distaff side being represented by an English titled lady in German pay, who is called indifferently Lady Saffren Waldon, Lady Waldon, and Lady Isobel Saffren Waldon. The first half of the book is decidedly the better, horrors being afterwards piled on too thick for any ordinary digestion.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

Luffmann (C. Bogue). THE HARVEST OF JAPAN: a book of curious travel, with some account of the trees, gardens, agriculture, peasantry, and rural requirements of Japan. Jack, 1920. 9 in. 276 pp. index, 12/6 n. 915.2

Conscientious thoroughness is Mr. Luffmann's virtue, but he fails in attractiveness. A professional student of agriculture, he devotes half his book to that subject; but he is at his best in his attempt to reveal the Japanese instinct in art, and at his second-best in his evaluation of their gardening and his efforts to penetrate the mind of the people. Those who know the Japanese will find the book interesting.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Comte (Auguste).

Gould (F. J.). AUGUSTE COMTE ("Life Stories of Famous Men"). Watts, 1920. 7½ in. 122 pp. apps., 3/6 n. 920
See review, p. 797.

Huxley (Thomas Henry).

***Huxley (Leonard).** THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY: a character sketch ("Life Stories of Famous Men"). Watts, 1920. 7½ in. 120 pp., 3/6 n. 920
See review, p. 797.

930-990 HISTORY.

Brown (Percy). GERMANY IN DISSOLUTION. Melrose, 1920. 7 in. 316 pp. il., 6/ n. 943.085

With the British forces at the beginning of the war, somewhere behind the French or British front after the second battle of Ypres, a prisoner of war at Ruhleben, and then a witness of the revolution at Berlin, Mr. Brown had a war correspondent's varied experiences, and relates them without compunction in great detail. "Judging by what I saw during my last visit to Germany," he says, "I believe that in spite of differences between capital and labour, Germany is quietly and thoroughly putting her industrial house in order. The huge munition factories have been adapted to peaceful purposes. . . . Everywhere I went I found people working in the fields. . . . The majority of Germans suffer little more than we do from the scarcity of fuel."

Fortunato (Giustino). LA QUESTIONE MERIDIONALE E AL RIFORMA TRIBUTARIA ("La Questione Meridionale," 3). Roma, La Voce, 1920. 8 in. 114 pp. bibliog. paper, 5 lire. 945.09

See review, p. 812.

Penty (Arthur J.). A GUILDSMAN'S INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY [1920]. 9 in. 327 pp. ind., 12/6 n. 940.1-2

The author remarks that the "neglect of the experience of the past is no new thing; it is as old as civilization itself." But there is now a general recognition that a study of the past in the light of the present, as well as of the present in the light of the past, is necessary to the understanding of human progress. Mr. Penty admires the spirit and customs of the Middle Ages. He blames the lawyers for the corruption of every mediæval institution by Roman Law, and considers them responsible for the adoption of "direct action" by Labour; dissents from the view that the history of civilization is merely the history of class struggles; criticizes what he calls the heresies of Marx; and is opposed to Bolshevism, "A Bolshevik government," declares Mr. Penty, "is a thing to be feared as the worst of all tyrannies."

Villari (Pasquale). LE PRIME LETTERE MERIDIONALI ("La Questione Meridionale," 2). Roma, La Voce, 1920. 8 in. 76 pp. paper, 3 lire. 945.09

See review, p. 812.

940.3 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Baring (Maurice). R.F.C., H.Q., 1914-1918. 7½ in. 322 pp. index, 8/ n. 940.44

See review, p. 797.

Hamilton (General Sir Ian). GALLIPOLI DIARY. Arnold, 1920. 2 vols. 9 in. 387, 350 pp. il. maps, index, 36/ n. 940.4

See review, p. 795.

***Hesketh-Prichard (Major H.).** SNIPING IN FRANCE. Hutchinson, 1920. 9 in. 269 pp., 12/6 n. 940.41

Now that the cessation of hostilities has made it possible, those people who desire to learn something of the mysterious technical side of warfare will find Major Hesketh-Prichard's volume of much fascination. Before the war the author was known as a sportsman, traveller, and athlete; and if the qualities engendered by these pursuits enabled him to do considerable service in the scientific education of snipers and scouts in the British forces, it is his other vocation, that of writer, which helps him not merely to give us information, but to give it in a form enthralling as any detective story. Although the science of camouflage as applied to earthworks is expounded for the first time, it is by Major Hesketh-Prichard's presentation illuminated and vitalized to a degree which does not dispose of its authoritative nature. Not only are incident and anecdote used generously, though with discrimination, but there are photographs and drawings to assist considerably in making us understand the importance of apparently trivial objects in the sniper's work. The loafing of a cat, for example, on the paradox of a supposedly disused enemy trench revealed that it was in reality an active headquarters.

Hilton-Young (E.). BY SEA AND LAND: some naval doings. Jack [1920]. 9 in. 362 pp., 12/6 n. 940.45

With Rear-Admiral Troubridge on the Danube, trying to cut the German communications with Bulgaria, a witness of the Serbian horrors, then in the North Sea chasing German cruisers, next with Kerr's naval guns in Flanders, and finally, after being wounded on the "Vindictive," off to an adventure in Russia, the author has plenty to tell, and a good deal of it is interesting.

Steele (Harwood). THE CANADIANS IN FRANCE, 1915-1918. Fisher Unwin [1920]. 9 in. 364 pp. maps, app. index, 21/ n. 940.4

Stated to be the first complete record to be published of the achievements of the Canadian Army Corps during the great war, this history—though it is entirely unofficial—gives an excellent idea of the operations which the gallant troops from the land of the maple leaf carried out in the presence of the enemy. Captain Steele has the gift of clear, straightforward description; and there is little to be desired in the succinctness and clarity with which he etches in a number of Homeric incidents.